INSIDE THE BRITISH LABOR CONGRESS *By CLAUDE COCKBURN*

NEW MASSES

FIFTEEN CENTS A COPY SEPTEMBER 16, 1941

THE ONLY WAY TO WIN

THE GREER CHALLENGE

Fighting Hitlerism on all fronts. By the Editors

THE NEW DEFENSE SETUP

What labor can offer. By Adam Lapin

THE SOVIET SCHOOL

What 20,000,000 youngsters study. By Andrew Rothstein

WHEN THE NAZIS TAKE A RUSSIAN TOWN

An Eyewitness Report. By Alexander Korneichuk

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Between Ourselves

JOHN L. SPIVAK is an old hand at jerking masks off pious looking Hitlerites (remember his Silver Charlie Coughlin series?) and getting at the big-money Who's Who behind raucous, tawdry "hate the Jew" organizations (no one can forget his 1934-35 exposes published in NM). And now Spivak has gone after one of the biggest, the most "respectable," and in these times the most dangerous of them all: the America First crowd. In the September 30 issue (two weeks from this one) NM will print the first article in Spivak's series. He will tell you, among other things, just why this suave appearing outfit *is* dangerous; who runs it; who finances it; and what its Nazi ties are. The series is not only valuable for the truths it reveals. It's good, lively writing and reporting. You'll do yourself a favor by not missing it.

We are sorry that NM readers outside of New York had no opportunity to hear Bruce Minton last Thursday night in the first of NM's weekly news analyses over Station WHOM. But plenty in New York did. Most of the listeners wrote directly to us instead of to the radio station and they wrote with considerable enthusiasm. Comments ranged from postcard brevity ("Fine work!" or "Swell program!") to detailed letters. About ninety percent of the fans remarked especially on the qualities which distinguished NM's broadcast from that of other news commentators. All of that ninety percent agreed that the chief quality was clarity and directness. We don't mean that everyone used those words, but they express the sum total. For example: "I like news broadcasts," writes A. M., "that stick to the point, and that is what Minton did. He didn't weave in a lot of fancy speculations and predictions and he didn't 'on the one hand and then on the other.' What he was trying to do, it seemed to me (and he did it very well, was to give a picture of the week's news and just what it meant. His picture had lots of things in it, of course, but he kept them clear and in order. That's very necessary, and not very easy, I imagine, in a fifteen-minute broadcast that has to do for the whole week. My congratulations on NM's new project —may it grow in audience and frequency."

And J. P. McL. says: "I'm glad your Mr. Minton makes no bones about having a definite viewpoint on the things he discusses. If anything annoys me, it's commentators who feel they have to hedge and hem and haw in terror that someone will claim they are 'biased.' Mr. Minton was giving facts, all right, but he interpreted them—as they should be interpreted—in the light of their meaning for his listeners, the people."

A brand new reader (he sent in his sub after hearing the broadcast) confesses surprise at the "tone" of the broadcast. "I just had an idea," he says, "that it would be brutally solemn, and dead with 'statistical data.' I apologize! My wife and I were at the house of a friend who reads your magazine—there were some other NM readers there, too—and he turned on the broadcast, giving me a pleasant jolt. Here's a sub: a tribute to Mr. Minton's agreeably serious but informal manner, and to a news analysis that struck me as unpretentious but very fine stuff."

Besides the fan mail, we've heard a good deal over the phone or in personal conversation about the broadcast. Despite technical difficulties arising from the "first night" performance, our venture into the ether seems to have made a hit. We're grateful for the response. And remember: every Thursday night at 11 PM (Daylight Saving) over Station WHOM—1480 on the dial.

With the schools just opening, we feel that the article on Soviet education and youth by Andrew Rothstein (page 12) is particularly timely. This piece is one of the series which NM is publishing on major aspects of life in the USSR. The articles which have already appeared—Mr. Rothstein's on the Soviet press, Beatrice King's on the family, and Dudley Collard on law and lawyers—have brought quite a number of letters from readers. In the near future we shall print, as part of the series, discussions of Soviet achievements in electrification; "Human Aspects of National and Industrial Planning"; "Soviet Medical Theory"; and "The Organization of the Red Army."

NM's post-Labor Day weekend is by way of becoming a national institution. This year, as last, it was held at Chesters' Zunbarg, and was a spanking success. For this we want to thank: the staff that stayed a week after the regular season in order to make the weekend possible; the waiters, who contributed ten percent of their weekend earnings to NM's cable fund; the hard-working American Youth Theater for their fine revue Saturday night; singer Stefan Kozakevich, accompanist Muriel Rigger, and dancer Ruth Bluestone for their entertainment. We also want to express our appreciation to the Chesters for their splendid cooperation and to the many supporters of NM for their response to editor Joseph North's financial appeal. To those of our friends who could not come, we can only say—wait until next year.

A former contributor to NM, editor of the French Communist paper *L'Humanite,* and once vice chairman of the foreign affairs committee of the French Chamber of Deputies, is on trial for his life. We refer, of course, to Gabriel Peri, whose anti-Nazi activities have brought him perilously close to the Hitler Vichy ax. Our ed[illegible] on page 20 discusses the c[illegible]abriel Peri, but we put a n[illegible] for the special purpose of urging NM readers to add their voices to those in this country which have already protested the fearful injustice being done Peri. Direct your protests to Washington, to German Ambassador Hans Dieckhof and French Ambassador Gaston Henri-Haye.

Who's Who

ALEXANDER KORNEICHUK is a Ukrainian dramatist. . . . Mike Quin is a columnist for the *People's World* and the *Daily Worker.* He is also the author of a number of pamphlets, the most recent of which is *More Dangerous Thoughts.* . . . Andrew Rothstein is a journalist working in London. . . . Eva Lapin is a free lance writer and the wife of Adam Lapin, NM's Washington correspondent. . . . Colonel T. is the pseudonym of a military expert. . . . Robert Dignan is an American engineer who has traveled widely and has made a special study of Oriental literature.

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Two weeks' notice is required for change of address. Notification sent to NEW MASSES rather than to the post office will give the best results.

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NEW MASSES
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THE GREER CHALLENGE

Two forces met at sea. Facing the full implications of the incident. Fighting Hitler on all fronts. The problem of our arms production. What labor can offer. An editorial.

THE *Greer* incident has served to point up the whole problem of America's role in the world fight against Hitlerism. The Nazi government has acknowledged that the U-boat which fired on the American destroyer *Greer* was one of its own; it has likewise admitted that the encounter took place in Icelandic waters—in other words, within that zone which President Roosevelt has designated part of the Western Hemisphere. The question as to which side fired first is entirely immaterial. The Nazi submarine was not on a pleasure cruise; it entered Icelandic waters for the specific purpose of harassing and interrupting the transport of war material to Britain. And though the *Greer* was at the time engaged in merely carrying mail to Iceland, this ship is part of the Atlantic patrol designed to keep open the sea lanes to England. Whatever work it was doing was part of the policy of aid to Britain, the Soviet Union, and China, which is indispensable for the defense of our own national security and independence.

Let us not, therefore, view the *Greer* incident through the peephole of technicalities. Two forces met at sea on the morning of September 4: the force of Hitler fascism bringing death and despotism to nation after nation, and the force of anti-fascist resistance to that fiendish power. Between them there can be no peace, no compromise. Between them there must be bitter war till the scourge of Hitlerism is wiped off the earth. When President Roosevelt ordered the United States fleet to "eliminate" the German submarine, he issued what should be more than an order designed to deal with a single act of aggression. *The elimination of every manifestation of the armed might of German fascism till fascism itself is eliminated should be the fixed policy of the United States. Anything less menaces the very existence of this country as a free nation.*

THERE ARE THOSE, including some NEW MASSES readers, who think this job can be done if the United States merely supplies the weapons of war to the nations now actively fighting Germany and its allies. Certain it is that we must give far more of those weapons to the other anti-fascist countries. But the tendency to believe that this is all that need be done and the view that the Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union has somehow lessened the direct threat to America are extremely dangerous. It is the kind of wishful thinking which Hitler and his appeaser allies in this country seek to encourage because it restricts and warps every phase of our war effort. NEW MASSES never shared the opinion that it was at any time good policy for America to be half in and half out of the war. Prior to June 22 we urged that this country remain completely uninvolved in the conflict because so long as the USSR was neutral, the best course, the most effective way of fighting fascism and defending the interests of the American people was to align the United States with the Soviet Union in joint efforts to limit the war and bring about a democratic people's peace. But the Nazi attack on the USSR wiped out that possibility. This attack, far from reducing the menace to America, has for the first time brought it to our very shores. Obviously neither Britain nor any other European or Asiatic country could survive a Hitler conquest of the Soviet Union. How long could the United States survive as an independent country, enjoying some vestige of democratic liberties, if it were hemmed in on both oceans, with Alaska separated only by a few miles from Hitler dominated territory?

Today the military defeat of Hitlerism is the only way the American people and the peoples of the world can secure the possibility of a tolerable existence—and of much more. It is hazardous self-deception to evade the full implications of this fact. We cannot leave it to Tommy or Ivan to do the job for us. Remember, Nazi Germany does not fight alone. It fights with the wealth, the raw materials, and arms looted from the entire continent of Europe west of the Soviet border. And it fights with the manpower of Italy, Finland, Rumania, and Hungary. No great shakes as armies perhaps. But when they are organized and commanded by Nazi officers and joined with the millions of German soldiers against a Red Army which must face their attack almost alone, it would be folly to assume that victory over the fascist legions will come automatically, that it will not require the active *military* assistance of Britain *and* the United States. Our government has not been as forthright as it ought to be on this question. It has been too prone to duck before the Lindbergh frown, too preoccupied with that very poor brand of "good politics" which amounts to appeasing the appeasers. This is being written before President Roosevelt's radio address to the country. But we hope he tells the American people that what needs to be eliminated is not a Nazi submarine, but the Nazi system. And that this will require greater and greater military collaboration among Britain, the Soviet Union, the United States, and China. If he tells the people the whole truth, we are confident that they will make it their own.

Clinton

There are those among our friends who shrink from facing the full truth because they do not trust the men and classes that dominate Britain and the United States. This fear is not without foundation and it would be fatuous to assume that those who sought imperialist objectives prior to June 22 overnight underwent a change of heart. But the logic of history often overrides the subjective desires of individuals and entire classes. As R. Palme Dutt pointed out in his article in the September 2 issue of NEW MASSES, those forces in Germany, Britain, France, and other countries that for years plotted to involve the Soviet Union in war were unable to achieve their end in the manner they had wished. Instead of isolating the USSR, they are themselves isolated and Munich is being avenged. And these reactionaries have been unable to control the development of what began as an imperialist war and has been transformed into a people's war whose victorious outcome will certainly not mean the strengthening of imperialism.

Qualms of a parallel kind, emanating from capitalist circles, also impede the war effort.

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C. Hughes

"As ambassador from Vichy, M'sieu, I assure you I'm in the best of health."

Edwin L. James, in the New York *Times* of September 7, tries to explain away certain hesitations manifest in Washington and London regarding aid to the Soviet Union on the ground that the American and British peoples are opposed to Communism. James is looking for a scapegoat in the wrong place. It is not the American or British people that are responsible for the delay in convoking the joint American-British-Soviet conference in Moscow. It took the administration nearly three weeks to announce the names of the American delegation. According to James, the Soviet government wanted the conference to be held in September, but "Washington has decided it take place in October." This unexplained and unwarranted delay may serve the purposes of certain political tightrope walkers, but hardly the interests of the American people or any people who cannot afford to delay by a single minute the organization of the full efforts of the three major powers against Hitlerism. Equally unwarranted is the exclusion of the Soviet Union, which today is the only real war front, from lend-lease aid.

There is, however, one problem that the Moscow conference will not solve, though the American delegates can certainly pick up some very helpful pointers in the Soviet capital. This is the problem of our own production. Production is the key to victory in the war, but that key seems to be stuck away in the pockets of gentlemen for whom the defense program is merely an adjunct to the quest for profit. The dollar-a-year men have given capitalism some of the worst advertising it has ever had; no workers' government could be guilty of such mismanagement. But the issue is not a workers' government—which has demonstrated in the Soviet Union its vast superiority to anything capitalism can offer—but of putting the world's mightiest capitalist plant to work in behalf of a program on whose success depends the fate of every man, woman, and child in America. I. F. Stone has told in his book, *Business as Usual* (reviewed by Bruce Minton in last week's NEW MASSES) the shocking story of dollar-a-year bungling and sabotage of the President's all-out aid program. As a result, only $28,000,000,000 of the $50,000,000,000 appropriated and authorized by Congress for defense has actually been put into contracts. And failure to develop sub-contracting—fifty-six large corporations have hogged seventy-five percent of all orders—has greatly retarded production on even those defense contracts which have been let.

President Roosevelt recently recognized the gravity of the problem w[illegible] appointed the new Supply Priorities a[illegible]ations Board and established in the OPM a Division of Contract Distribution. These, as Adam Lapin points out elsewhere in this issue, may prove to be steps toward a solution. But that solution will not be thoroughgoing so long as labor and little business are excluded from any influence in organizing production. What could not labor do if only it were given half a chance! The working class is not only the source of the physical power and skill that goes into the making of machines to defend America against the Nazi barbarians, but it is a vast, untapped reservoir of organizing and administrative ability, of ideas that can eliminate waste and inefficiency and put the entire defense program into high gear. And since the workers seek no personal gain beyond a decent standard of living, they can place patriotism before profits and do what needs to be done even if its means stepping on sensitive Wall Street toes.

This is not a plea to turn the defense program over to the labor movement; it is a plea to bring the labor movement into the defense program on terms of approximate equality with management. This is what the plan of Pres. Phil Murray of the CIO for joint management-labor industry councils proposes. This plan was endorsed the other day by the convention of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers of America, CIO, seventy-five percent of whose over 300,000 members are employed in defense work. The CIO proposals for increasing the output of two crucial materials in which shortages have appeared, aluminum and steel, are further evidence of the positive contribution labor can make to the problem of building the guns to destroy fascism. By his appointment of the new SPAB and his setting up of a Division of Contract Distribution President Roosevelt has shown some awareness of the shortcomings of a big business-dominated defense program. The times call for still bolder moves along the lines proposed by the CIO.

SUCH MEASURES carry implications that go beyond the question of production. They vitally concern the problem of national unity and a national front against Hitlerism. In this national front the workers of our country, side by side with the workers of other lands, can provide the driving impetus. But the national anti-Hitler front must be conceived in the broadest terms to include all those, no matter how rich or poor, no matter how strong or weak, who are ready to join in a finish fight against the Nazi menace. This question now becomes the touchstone for all men in public office and all who aspire to public office. It is the touchstone for every one of us, the ultimate test of our anti-fascism. Hitler has divided mankind by force and fraud and terror. Let us unite with burning faith in our power to end for all time this monstrous assault on everything decent and creative in human life.

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INSIDE THE BRITISH LABOR CONGRESS

Claude Cockburn analyzes the meaning of the reestablishment of the Anglo-Soviet Trades Union Council . . . And from the USSR, an eyewitness report on what happened when the Nazis took a Ukrainian town.

London (by cable).

DESPITE all its weaknesses—and Lord knows they were obvious enough—the Seventy-third British Trades Union Congress at Edinburgh did make history. Nobody who is familiar with the inside trends in the British, not to mention the international, trade union movement during the past twenty years or so, can fail to recognize the decision to establish an Anglo-Soviet Trades Union Council as one of historic importance. In the history of the working class movement in Britain, it is a landmark. Its international effects may be bigger still. It is significant to note that to speak of "establishing" such a council is not quite correct: "reestablish" is the word. For there used to be an Anglo-Soviet Trades Union Council. It was established in 1925 and marked a real advance in the struggle for trade union unity. And it was put an end to in 1927 by the Trades Union Congress of that year (which also curiously enough met in Edinburgh) as a direct result of the failure of the British general strike of 1926, the attitude of the British Trades Union Congress toward that strike, and the deep and bitter differences on the subject.

It is no secret that this year there were one or two bankrupt racketeers allegedly representing this or that European affiliation of the International Federation of Trades Unions who sought, behind the scenes, to prevent the Seventy-third Congress from taking so clear a stand, and from so clearly reversing the policy which they have "made do with" in all the miserable years of disunity and defeat since 1927. These scallywags scandalized even some of the most case-hardened of the British union leaders. And the congress was not afraid publicly to somersault from its attitude at Southport one year ago, when the Communist delegates alone led the struggle for solidarity with the Soviet workers and got loudly trounced for their pains by the executive. This is a big advance and it will lead to big things. Among other things, it is likely to lead to a considerable strengthening of the position in the occupied countries of Europe and perhaps still more in Sweden with obvious possible repercussions in Finland.

Just in case anyone thinks that now everything in the British trade union garden is lovely and that all concerned fully realize the urgency of the situation, this is the place to mention another striking and characteristic episode at the congress. It was over in a minute, but it told a whole lot about the long, long road a lot of people have still got to travel before they get abreast of the situation. It occurred at the end of the speech of Jack Tanner, president of the Amalgamated Engineering Union.

Tanner, in his closing remarks, said that the victory of the Soviet peoples would mean the victory of the British people, and the defeat of the Soviet peoples would mean the defeat of the British people. With these last words, there burst out from a whole number of delegates, notably from some who at certain other moments had seemed complacent to the verge of somnolence, loud cries of "No! No!" Nobody who watched and listened to those gentlemen could doubt that here were men who, incredible as it must seem to many, really do still solemnly believe that it is practically sacrilegious even to suggest that Almighty God is not in residence somewhere between Bermondsey and Newcastle, or that anything that may happen to a lot of foreigners, whose trade union traditions are well known to be less ancient than those of the British, can really be a matter of life and death for Britishers in general or for British trade unionists in particular.

That was the voice of some of the old shell-backed bourbons of the trade union movement. The appalling thing about it is that when they shouted "No! No!" they really did not believe that the defeat of the Russian people would mean the defeat of the British peoples. The fine thing about it is that despite the existence of such pathetically naive views, the congress did pass the resolution establishing the Anglo-Soviet Trades Union Council.

Everyone, of course, knows by now that Jack Tanner's remarks on the subject of Colonel Moore-Brabazon (who a few weeks before the outbreak of the war was being entertained by fascist Sir Oswald Mosely with Captain Ramsay as his fellow guest), were one of the highlights of the conference. By the time you read this, there may have already been other developments in the Brabazon case. Of special importance—in fact it is one of the most important immediate results of the congress—is that the disclosure came as a really healthy and violent jolt to all those in the workshops and factories who had been inclined to believe that the fight against such elements in high places was all over, except for the shouting. The Tanner revelations have aroused a fury in the factories which leaves no doubt whatever of the degree of solid determination that anything and anyone who stands in the way of the common struggle of the British and Soviet peoples has got to be tossed into the ashcan just as quickly as it can be done.

Turnbull

News note: Japanese explain retreat from Foo Chow because they respect Chinese territorial integrity.

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I have in front of me, as I write, some of the latest resolutions passed by factories in various parts of the country. They include telegrams to Churchill demanding Brabazon's resignation from the Air Ministry. These telegrams came from shop stewards of such huge concerns as Armstrong Whitworth, British Thomson Houston, and Rolls Royce, and equally emphatic declarations from mass meetings of workers in a wide range of other factories. This is more than simply an outburst over this one particular scandal. It is a genuine symptom of the state of feeling and of determination in the country. And, of course, it is closely linked up with the anxiety and anger aroused here by the incredible delay which has occurred in the dispatch of the Anglo-American missions to Moscow.

Over its whole course the Trades Union Congress reflected very clearly the various developing trends within the movement itself. You had the president, George Gibson, quite rightly pointing out for instance, that it is a slander to attribute the blame for production weaknesses to "absenteeism" or "negligence" on the part of the workers, and then, blithely going on from there, to suggest that there really are not any production weaknesses at all. Which is absurd. As against that, you had George Crane, head of shop stewards at one of the very largest London area factories, very frankly speaking of the ghastly inefficiencies and wastes which do exist, and demanding that the General Council of the congress should not be content with simply denouncing this state of affairs in general, or on this or that special issue such as the coal situation, but should go ahead and take the lead in organizing special conferences in the big industrial areas to popularize the progressive policy of the congress in a practical manner. This was the voice, above all of the younger men, the leading shop stewards who have already played so large a part in getting the country down to brass tacks on the production issue. In this connection it is notable that a few days ago the select committee on national expenditure appointed by the House of Commons invited the National Council of Shop Stewards in the engineering and allied trades to submit to them detailed evidence and recommendations on the subject of production weaknesses, particularly in relation to the present methods of government contracting and the "cost plus ten percent" system. This is an unprecedented move and occurs as a direct result of the big production conference which I reported a couple of weeks back.

THE TRADES UNION CONGRESS gave a really useful lead on a number of other points. Evan Evans of the South Wales Miners Federation talked very straight on the subject of the coal shortage and the fact that the miners are having to do their heavy work, at least on several days of the week, on food consisting of nothing more than a few slices of bread and margarine or bread and lettuce. If the battle of the Atlantic were really going as badly as all that, if Britain really had its back to the wall in that sense, the miners would do as much work as it is possible to do on so little food without complaint. The complaint, and it is a bitter one, is precisely that there is enough food in the country and coming into the country, but that distribution arrangements and insufficiently drastic rationing prevent adequate supplies going to the key workers. This, I can tell you, is going to be one of the very big issues in the coming months. It is going to be one of the big new drives to get the British Isles on a real one hundred percent war footing. You will hear a lot more about it as the winter goes on.

The essential point about the uproar over the fire-watching order—I need not try to explain all its complexities here—was a characteristic and important one: it was that on the one hand, the government had failed to take the unions into proper consultation, and that on the other, as a result of this failure, businessmen and owners of premises in such places as the City of London had managed to shirk their firefighting responsibilities and this endangered both life and property. The long term significance of the fact that the debate on the firefighting order was perhaps the most bitter in the whole congress lay precisely in this: that it was a particular demonstration of the growing general demand of the organized workers of Britain to "take a hand" in a more direct and less purely submissive sense than they have throughout the war to date. There was big applause for Harrison of the Municipal and General Workers Union when he summed it up with the definite statement: "If the government wants greater production it must take our people into complete confidence." Of course there has been a lot of talk throughout the whole war period about the unions being "in the confidence of the government." But the plain fact, as demonstrated at Edinburgh, is that they have not really been given such a big hand in policy as their responsibilities require. And now they are beginning to demand it in a more determined way than at any previous time. Despite all the evasions and bourbonisms of the Edinburgh Congress, there was very clearly a new life stirring there and stirring to a big practical purpose. Both by its specific achievements and the signs of things to come, this congress must rank as the most progressive congress for many long and weary years.

CLAUDE COCKBURN.

★

Moscow (by cable)

THOUSANDS of trucks sped by the vast fields on the way to the front. Other thousands rattled by, in the opposite direction, to bring back shells, cartridges, and benzine. As we were nearing the front, it became more and more difficult to make our way through the moving column of trucks. We left the highway, taking a side road. But there, too, endless lines of tractors, combines, harvesters, drills, threshers, and wagons moved along the road. Women, children, and old folk were seated in carts loaded with bedding and utensils. Droves of horses, cows, and sheep, driven by peasants, trampled down the grain fields on both sides. A tall old man passed by our car. Then he paused, sat down on the grass nearby, and cast a long glance on the main road. "Look here," he addressed me, picking up an ear of rye and counting the kernels. "Ninety-five kernels in this ear and in this, 110. And every one as heavy as a grain of gold. Never before had we in the Ukraine seen such a harvest. Hitler learned about it and is driving his hungry horde on us. But not a grain will he get in our village. Three days ago we burned our grain and all, as one man, abandoned the village."

Suddenly the air was rent by terrible cries and the roar of explosions. Junker planes were bombing and machine gunning children and women. Horses and oxen dropped dead on the road. Six Junkers were descending lower and lower. From a height of 200 meters for twenty minutes German pilots showered their deadly load upon the defenseless population. I rose from the rye field, approached the old man and touched him. He lay dead, his breast pierced by a bullet. The hands of the old tiller convulsively gripped the golden ears of grain. That day on this road alone, German pilots killed 262 people, including 110 children. And Berlin German broadcasting stations transmitted Goebbels' boastful lies of how six German planes "destroyed" a Soviet division.

One day the Germans held sway over Medinovo, in the Zhitomir region. German tanks broke into the town unexpectedly. Only a few villagers succeeded in escaping to the woods. The whole population was rounded up and gathered on the square in front of the village soviet. The fascist officer ordered them to kneel down and raise their hands. Then, in broken Russian, he demanded that they immediately produce the village soviet and collective farm chairmen, as well as all the Communists. Silence was the reply. Then the Germans placed an aged collective farmer, Ponomarenko, against the wall and opened fire from a revolver. Bullets hit the wall around his head. The officer came close and asked, "Will you speak now?" The old man spat in his face. A minute later he dropped in a pool of blood. While this was happening, the fascist tankmen were looting homes, taking their pick of the villagers' possessions. Then they selected twelve girls and six young women and led them to a nearby collective farm orchard. A few minutes later people heard cries of horror. The Hitlerites were raping the women. Shots rang out: the Germans had killed two women who resisted and scratched their faces. The fascists ordered the people to dig a grave on the square and selecting twelve, including five women, shot them in front of the people. In the morning the bandits threatened to shoot every third villager if their order to produce the village officials and the Communists was not carried out. At night Soviet tanks approached the village. The Germans retreated, losing six tanks. Red Army men and villagers removed the plundered goods from the damaged tanks.

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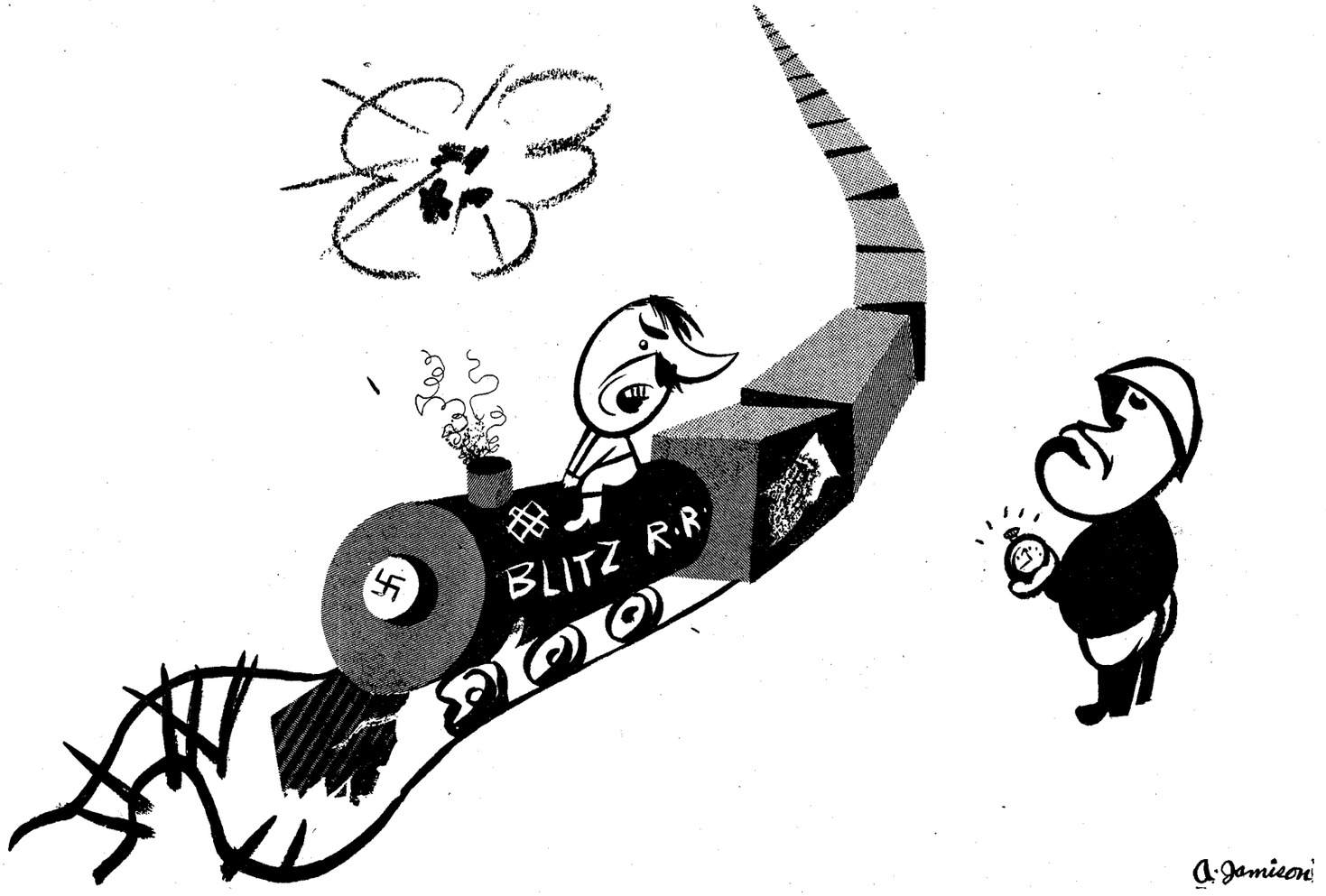

"Hey, Benito, how do you run a train on time?"

A. Jamison

Several of the captured thieves stood near their machines, their heads bowed. Shivering with fear, they swore that they did not rape the women but only stole property.

In Kamenetz-Podolsk the Germans rounded up 400 people from various districts, mainly women and children, and shot them all. Savage debauchery, looting, violence, humiliation, prevail in captured towns and villages. In the villages Dobra and Ivankovtsky, Kamenetz-Podolsk region, the fascists robbed the peasants of all their grain, cattle, poultry, and household property. They shot the women and aged who attempted to resist. In these two villages alone, thirty-six people died by bandits' hands. In the village Kronsya, Zhitomir region, a fourteen-year-old son of collective farmer Hanna Stepanchuk stole a German soldier's automatic rifle and fled to the woods. His mother was tied to two tanks and torn apart in front of the villagers. Italians don't lag behind their German fascist friends. Occupying a village, they round up the villagers on the square and engage in wholesale looting of their property.

In the village Zhulyapy the Italians wrecked the household of peasant Nakonechny, burned his brother's home and those of many other collective farmers. They seized everything they could lay hands on: cows, grain, clothing, poultry. Widow Bykova, a pensioner, was robbed by the cannibals even of children's underclothing and her old-fashioned wedding gown, which was of sentimental value to her. When Bykova pleaded for the return of her wedding gown, the officer split her skull with his revolver. Three officers were billeted in Timofei Globa's house. Timofei's daughter, Galina, hid in the gardens and orchards, but didn't save herself. One of the "guests" seized her. Hearing his daughter's cries, sick Timofei rushed out of the house and hit the violator with his crutch. Two other officers rushed out of the hut. They summoned soldiers and seizing Galina and her father, stripped the girl bare, humiliated and mutilated her in front of her father. They gouged her eyes, carved her right breast and struck a bayonet into the left one. Then they stripped Timofei Globa of his clothes, put him on top of his daughter's body, beat him, and finally shot him dead. Every day brings fresh horrible news of incredible atrocities, perpetrated by fascists on the peaceful population.

In the village Motyshin, Belaya Tserkov district, German officers addressed the population, calling upon them to harvest the grain on the following terms: five sheaves for the German state and the sixth for work performed. Fifty-year-old collective farmer Kozhevaja dared to smile during the officer's speech. Noticing the smile, the officer came close to Kozhevaja and shot her with his revolver. Later the murderer explained through an interpreter that anyone who dares to laugh while the German army's order is being announced will be shot.

The fascist marauders set for themselves the objective of plundering the Soviet Ukraine, destroying the mighty, talented 40,000,000 Ukrainian people, seizing the land, ruining the flourishing Ukrainian villages and cities, appropriating mines and huge plants. I spoke to a seventeen-year-old captured German pilot whom Hitler put on a bomber. Asked "Why did you march on the Ukraine?," he replied like an automaton, "We need territory." "But this land is inhabited by people who own this soil. What are they to do?" I continued. "Well we will send part of them away," the seventeen-year-old bandit calmly replied.

Sadist German freebooters know no limits. In Vinnitsa district the partisans annihilated a fascist punitive detachment. On one of the dead they found a bag with 120 gold and platinum teeth. In his pocket was a letter from Berlin. His friend, a dentist, wrote: "Dear Schultz: Received your parcel. What amazing beasts these Ukrainians are. They probably still don't understand the value of gold. Hard to believe that you got all these teeth from the peasants. Clear some more of their foul mouths of noble metal." Schultz, representative of the "superior German race," was decorated with the Iron Cross. Hitler wants to build a New Order in Europe with the hands of the sadistic Schultzes. But the hour of reckoning is nigh. The despicable bandits will be fully paid back for the blood and tears of the women, children, and aged, for the tortures, humiliation, plunder, and atrocities on the peaceful population, for the destruction of the greatest treasures of Ukrainian culture.

ALEXANDER KORNEICHUK.

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THE NEW DEFENSE SETUP

Adam Lapin surveys the personnel and functions of the Supply Priorities and Allocations Board. Will it mean the small businessman? Can monopoly practices be checked?

Washington.

IT WAS a good omen when most of the members of the Supply Priorities and Allocations Board (SPAB) turned up in person for their first meeting. One sure-fire way of spotting the decline of newly set up defense agencies is to find out whether the members bother to get together. The ill-fated Production Planning Board created several months ago met once for the benefit of news photographers and soon disappeared from the scene. Toward the end of its existence, members of the now defunct Defense Commission got into the habit of sending proxies to meetings. It was common gossip in Washington that the status of the proxies began to sink lower and lower until virtual office boys represented the members of the commission. When SPAB was set up, the White House passed the word around that the new board was to meet regularly and that there were to be no proxies.

The effectiveness of the changes in the defense setup will depend to a considerable extent on what SPAB and the new OPM Division of Contract Distribution do. Direct responsibility will rest on Vice President Wallace as chairman, and to an even greater extent on Donald Nelson as executive secretary, of SPAB. It is perfectly true that the President's executive order did not by any means make a clean sweep of the confusion and overlapping in the defense picture. It is also true that the President did not define any too clearly the authority of SPAB. As is all too frequently the case, he compromised. But he did give the new board an opportunity to do a job. The opportunity will have to be seized vigorously and aggressively.

Nelson and his associates seem to be comparatively optimistic. They see SPAB as far more than just a device to settle a long-standing feud betwen OPM Director William Knudsen and Price Administrator Leon Henderson over the conversion of consumer goods plants to defense production. They view SPAB as the central planning agency of the defense setup, as the kingpin of defense production. OPM in their view will now function primarily as an operating agency carrying out SPAB plans and policies. The initial statement issued by the board tends to confirm this interpretation. The statement did not confine itself solely to problems of priorities, supply, and allocation. It spoke of defense production "to the limits of the nation's resources."

Planning in a capitalist society is, of course, easier said than done. The chaos in OPM and in defense production generally has not been accidental. Knudsen used to fly into tantrums when OPM economists would suggest simple surveys or questionnaires to determine requirements for a particular metal or the

productive capacity of a certain industry. He would exclaim that business executives are too busy to spend time answering a lot of fool questions. Knudsen recently has been forced to sanction several questionnaires. But the issue is more basic. OPM officials with an opportunity to know what is going on believe that many of the dollar-a-year men are deeply troubled by the implications of putting American industry on a planned, war-production basis. The captains of industry realize that planning challenges many of the perquisites of monopoly; they also wonder whether they will get them back after the war is over. They are afraid of what labor participation in the defense program will lead to. They are worried about the fact that planning disturbs the unrestricted sway of monopoly and means the distribution of contracts to small producers. They are disturbed, in short, by the future of their system.

But the real issue is not whether capitalism is to be replaced with state capitalism, or socialism, or something else, as a result of the war effort. These nightmares flit across the columns of Mark Sullivan. But President Roosevelt is not the precursor of Bolshevism pictured by Dr. Goebbels. The real issue is simply whether some of the practices of monopoly can be checked and modified in the interests of expanded defense production. This is one of the big problems facing SPAB as it attempts to take hold of its job, and it is not to be expected that monopoly will give up its grip on the defense program without a fight.

Plenty of dollar-a-year men still sit at their desks in the new Social Security Building which was turned over to OPM. A few of those who threw monkey wrenches into the defense machinery have been eased out. Edward R. Stettinius of US Steel and John D. Biggers of Libby-Owens-Ford glass won't be around any longer. OPM will be the beneficiary. But the lend-lease setup may be the worse for their services. Charles W. Kellogg of the Edison Electric Institute, Gano Dunn, who predicted vast steel surpluses with present capacity, and Walter S. Tower of the American Iron & Steel Institute were pushed out some time ago, and they were not missed. But Bill Knudsen of General Motors is still director of OPM. William H. Harrison of American Telephone & Telegraph will head the Production Division in place of Biggers, and William L. Batt of SKF industries, who is supposed to be something of an expansionist, will direct the Materials Division.

The big job at the moment is not to purge every businessman from OPM. The problem is to make the dollar-a-year boys realize that they are in there to help out and not to run the show, that their function is primarily to carry out the policies SPAB fixes. Knudsen was obviously miscast as a policy maker from the start. And it is said by some OPM officials that he will not be too downcast to get back to his old job of straw boss, with SPAB giving the orders this time instead of the Board of Directors of General Motors. Be that as it may, the difficulties of making big business and the dollar-a-year crowd fall into line will not be the least of SPAB's headaches.

ALL-OUT DEFENSE advocates who believe that SPAB will overcome the obstacles facing it rest their case on two main arguments: the broad powers which the board is in position to use, and the personnel appointed by the President.

Under the direction of Stettinius, priorities were not "the synchronizing force" described by Bernard Baruch, but one of the single most disruptive forces in the whole defense program. The general idea was to let things go on until a shortage suddenly popped up. Then priorities were imposed. Somehow the big manufacturers always managed to get favored treatment. Automobile companies, for example, were until quite recently able to count on practically all of the steel and aluminum they needed. The little manufacturers usually got it in the neck. So did the workers in their plants. The chaotic and discriminatory use of priorities did not help to build morale among small businessmen and workers. The lack of plans to convert consumer goods plants into defense plants did not exactly speed up armaments production. SPAB now has a firm grip on priorities, with secretary Donald Nelson as priorities director of OPM. In broad terms, Nelson has the job of directing the flow of materials to both defense and non-defense plants. His associates believe that he will use priorities not primarily as a weapon of monopoly, but as a method of speeding defense production.

Nelson has the power by virtue of a new OPM ruling to require manufacturers to take contracts with priority ratings. Previously a manufacturer had to produce first on an order with a high priority rating, once he took the

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order. But he did not have to take it. Sheet steel for railroad freight cars, for example, previously could have gotten all the priority ratings in the world without any assurance that there would be actual production. This has been changed by the new ruling which is in reality a step toward the allocation of orders on a systematic, planned basis.

A prerequisite for sound allocation of orders is obviously a knowledge of the most important facts involved. In terms of the overall defense picture this includes primarily a total picture of defense requirements plus a total picture of capacity in each industry. OPM never got the facts for a single industry, not to speak of the defense program as a whole. SPAB is now laying plans to make surveys along these lines. It will then attempt to make master plans based on the information it gathers. If it succeeds, the possibility of using the nation's full capacity and of converting plants for defense production will be opened up for the first time.

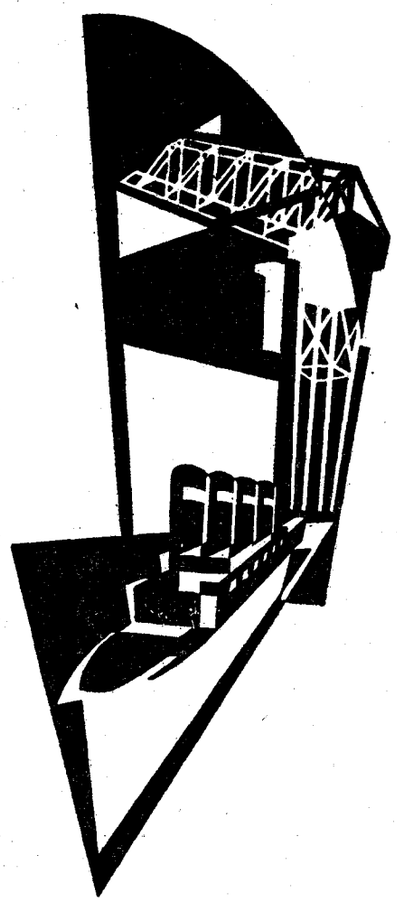
SPAB and Priorities Director Nelson also have the power to prevent the excess accumulation of inventories. It is believed that many big plants have piled up very substantial inventories of precisely those metals which are most scarce and most necessary to defense production. Nelson is said to be thinking seriously of those inventories. If the property requisition bill passed by both the House and Senate (but sent back to conference by the House) finally completes its tortuous course, Nelson will have the power to move in and seize some of the metals that are badly needed for defense.

Four members of SPAB are substantially committed to all-out defense production: Vice President Wallace, Harry Hopkins, Leon Henderson, and Sidney Hillman. Three will probably not be too enthusiastic about steps which will disturb business prerogatives: Knudsen, Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, and Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson. But the key man of the setup is expected to be Donald Nelson, who is part of the all-out group. Wallace has already played an active role in the setting up of the board and has conferred at length with some of its members. He will serve primarily as an idea man and as a liaison with the White House. Nelson will be in charge of actually running the new board.

After several ups and downs in the defense picture, Nelson is now pretty near the top. He is a businessman, of course. And his purchasing division in OPM had its ample number of dollar-a-year men. Despite his association with Sears Roebuck, Nelson's friends insist that he has a very definite interest in the problems of small business, that his conception of the well known system of free enterprise is not based on unrestricted domination by monopoly, that he is not unfriendly to labor. Like everybody else in the defense setup, Nelson has apparently not given much thought to labor participation in defense. But his friends say that unlike Knudsen he is by no means a last-ditch foe of granting labor some measure of responsibility.

The key to the successful execution of SPAB's policies will be the distribution of defense contracts to small and medium sized business concerns. If this is not done there simply will not be full production for defense. It will not be done by high sounding statements about helping small business. There have been too many of the latter already. The Defense Contract Service in OPM was organized and reorganized, but still there was no sub-contracting worth mentioning. Robert H. Mehornay, Kansas City furniture manufacturer, was noted chiefly for his inactivity as head of the Contract Service. Mehornay's principal assistant, the personal representative of Knudsen and Hillman, was William E. Levis of Owens-Illinois glass who was indicted for monopolistic practices detrimental to small business. The President's executive order setting up the Division of Contract Distribution headed by Floyd Odlum, simply abolished the old Contract Service without benefit of any face saving or back slapping gestures, although Knudsen later instructed its personnel to serve under Odlum.

DCD's program as outlined by the President is excellent. It is to work out methods for breaking down the size of Army and Navy contracts, for sub-contracting, for cooperation with local community pools, for setting up exhibits in various cities where small manufacturers can see "the bits and pieces" that are needed, for making necessary financial arrangements.



Louis Lozowick

Whether Odlum will carry out this program is another matter. Odlum is a Wall Street man. He heads the Atlas Corp., the largest investment company in the United States, with assets of $100,000,000. Odlum's supporters claim that he is really a Wall Street maverick, that he is friendly to administration reforms, and close to Henderson and Hopkins. But the fact remains that it wouldn't hurt in a setup devoted to getting contracts for small business to have a couple of small businessmen around. Maybe they know something about the problem, too. The small businessmen will have an advisory committee which will have the privilege of conferring with Odlum; they will have no direct hand in the management of DCD.

Labor will have even less voice in the reorganized defense setup than small business, and this is now the most serious single defect in the defense picture. Sidney Hillman remains the sole spokesman for labor in SPAB as in OPM, and he has been criticized for ineffectiveness by practically the whole labor movement. Even the Henderson-Hopkins group, which regards Hillman as an ally, believes that he occasionally gets good ideas but that he almost never fights for them.

Some OPM officials commented that in the recent meetings on the impending shutdown of silk mills, labor representatives had more ideas and seemed to know more about the industry than most of the management representatives. With the exception of a few government economists, labor was the first to realize the danger of priorities unemployment, and to demand that something be done about it. Plans for the replacement of priorities jobless in defense work were first put forward by the United Automobile Workers. One of labor's biggest contributions can be to tackle this problem in the electrical equipment and steel furniture industries, which are next on the schedule to be hit by priorities. The recent convention of the United Electrical and Radio Workers indicated that this union is trying to meet the situation. It is also in some cases attempting to get subcontracts for manufacturers forced out of business. Then, of course, there have been more general proposals by unions in steel and aluminum to expand production.

But most administration officials from the President down still don't seem to understand that workers know something about production. They still do not recognize the fact that defense production would spurt forward unbelievably if millions of American workers realized not only that they have a stake in defeating Hitler, but also a direct role in doing the job at their benches and assembly lines. The only way to do this is to make the unions part of the defense picture, as CIO President Philip Murray has repeatedly urged. It is here that the next step forward in improving the defense setup and in stepping up production must be taken.

ADAM LAPIN.

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A LETTER ABOUT SAM DARCY

Mike Quin writes about an offense, if it can be construed as such, which merits at most a five-dollar fine. Instead, a prejudiced court may sentence Darcy to fourteen years' imprisonment.

DEAR Reader: It is one thing to administer the laws of the land with sense and justice. It is quite another thing to single out individuals, probe meticulously into their lives, and try to find or concoct something on which to "get" them.

Frameups and political persecutions of this kind sour the public mind with cynicism. The effect is bad enough during peace. In times of war, when morale and confidence are life and death matters, such spectacles approximate treason.

It doesn't matter whether a person agrees or disagrees with the views of the victim. The method of railroading is clear, and the result is to weaken faith in democratic processes.

We have too much cynicism in our country as it is. Overcoming it and reinspiring thousands of Americans with renewed faith is a major defense task. It can't be done with slogans. Still less can it be done if the courts of law constitute themselves sideshows of corruption.

By corruption I do not necessarily mean bribery. Prejudice and bigotry are sufficiently corrupting influences to destroy faith in justice.

As I write this, my good friend Sam Darcy sits in the San Francisco County Jail awaiting a hearing on a motion for probation. He has been convicted of perjury and faces a possible sentence of fourteen years. He is no more guilty of perjury than you are.

In registering for the California elections in 1934, he stood in line with hundreds of others. When it came his turn, a clerk snapped questions at him and hastily scribbled the answers: name, age, place of birth, etc.

Errors occur by the thousands. When they are noticed, it is the custom to send the registrant a postcard and ask him to come in and correct the form. In Darcy's case the clerk scribbled New York instead of the Ukraine, where Darcy was born.

There was no question of his right to vote. He was brought to this country as a very small child, grew up here in American public schools, and is an American in every respect.

But he happened also to be the state organizer of the Communist Party in California, and as such he taught socialism and was instrumental in aiding the great growth of the labor unions which occurred about that time.

THERE IS NO LAW against those things, and if there ever is, it will be the end of American democracy. Anti-labor interests therefore set out to see what they could find on which to "get" Darcy. They found nothing. The man's record is exceptionally clean.

Most people have stubbed their toes on laws here or there or made regrettable mistakes. Darcy was an exception. He had never even broken a traffic law. For that matter, he didn't own a car.

Sam Darcy

They did, however, dig up the mistake on his registration and succeeded in getting an indictment issued for perjury. The indictment was never pressed. It was so silly it was poked into a pigeon hole.

FIVE YEARS PASSED and the second world war exploded in the face of humanity. Confident they could get by with anything now, Darcy's enemies resurrected the five-year-old indictment. Governor Olsen, California's "liberal" executive, signed extradition papers; Darcy was arrested and brought in handcuffs all the way from Philadelphia to stand trial.

The offense, if it could be construed as an offense, would have merited at the most a five-dollar fine. Interpreted as "perjury" it carries a sentence of anywhere from one to fourteen years.

It is the first prosecution of its kind in the history of California. The defense located more than a thousand identical instances of error in registration which were corrected merely by getting in touch with the voters and asking them to change the wording. None of this material was permitted as evidence in the trial. The jury, carefully selected so as to exclude anyone with sympathies for labor, was practically limited to deciding whether the birthplace on the registration was right or wrong.

The judge, throughout the proceedings, was impatient to be off on his vacation which would start as soon as the trial was over. When, on conviction, the defense attorneys made a motion for probation, it was put over for more than a month. Darcy was denied bail and locked in the county jail where he has been sitting ever since.

This is neither equal application of the law nor sensible application. It is certainly not the way to inspire the public with faith in democratic procedure.

In the case of an ordinary man the affair would be bad enough. In the case of Sam Darcy it is doubly serious, for he is no ordinary man. He is known and respected by hundreds of thousands of Americans who have heard him speak from platforms or who have read his books. And the circle of admiration is not confined to his own Party or its followers. In California and elsewhere he led the fight against Hitler and the fascists when American industry was too busy shipping them war materials to pay attention to anything else.

CYNICAL ACTIONS like the Darcy case destroy American morale more rapidly than any slogans can build it. It is just as important that these things be halted and corrected as it is to produce planes and tanks. The Darcy case is a good place to begin.

There is, even more glaring, the case of Earl Browder, a man respected and loved by millions of Americans, sitting in Atlanta penitentiary on a technical charge as thin and ridiculous as Darcy's.

There is also the matter of King, Ramsey, and Connor, not Communists, but union men, imprisoned in San Quentin penitentiary for a crime they not only did not commit but could not have committed.

We intend to smash Hitler. That calls for morale based on reality and not on slogans. We can't smash Hitlerism by emulating its evils. The first deed of Hitler was to imprison Communists and union leaders.

A letter addressed to District Attorney Matthew Brady of San Francisco reminding him of this will help considerably. Sit down and write it.

MIKE QUIN.

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The Mingling of the Classes

"THE reception arranged for Miss Dorothy Thompson by Lord and Lady Kemsley . . . provided a striking example of the process of social fusion which is a feature of our times, with persons of high distinction in close conversation with others having no claim to distinction other than that they work hard at their own jobs."—*From the London "Daily Sketch."*

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THE SOVIET SCHOOL

Sovfoto

The training of Soviet youth in the habit of service. Sailors Rybin and Lobanov deliver a lecture. The education that stimulates thought and a desire for knowledge.

While Russian manhood fought desperately against the Axis forces along the vast Eastern front, 20,000,000 Russian children returned to their schoolrooms for the opening of the new school season today. Forty million new text books and hundreds of millions of new copy books have been made available, and all upper classes will have new text books on modern present-day history. Eighty thousand new teachers will be available.—Dispatch from Moscow by Reuter News Service, September 1.

EARLY this year a journal claiming to speak for modern and progressive trends of thought issued a special number devoted to youth movements, their why and wherefore. I found it somewhat difficult to discover the writer's conception of the aims for which youth should strive. But eliminating a great many generalities, they would seem to be reduced to the following: (1) "a really complete system of education"; (2) "to maintain interest in some skill or trade"; (3) "some course in elementary political science"; (4) physical exercise; (5) the fostering of good taste; (6) the recruitment of youth energies "to be useful"—or, as put in another version, "training in habits of practical service."

In this article I shall attempt to apply these tests to the life of Soviet youth, as reflected in one month's issue of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*. This daily paper, with its circulation of nearly a million, is devoted especially to the life and problems of youth. It should therefore give us a fairly objective cross-section of how young people in various parts of the USSR live, work, are educated, and serve the community.

First as to education. We find, on Nov. 14, 1940, an account from a warship of the Soviet Pacific Fleet of the philosophy studies carried on by members of the Communist League of Youth on that ship. Perhaps it is not surprising that Lieutenant of Submarines Dmitri Rybin should study the writings of Marx, Engels, and Lenin on the state, or that Lobanov, secretary of the League of Youth group, should have been reading Heraclitus and Lucretius as well as the philosophical works of Engels and Lenin. But what is interesting is that, at the request of a young sailor, Rybin gave a lecture to the crew on the class character of wars and their causes, explaining the difference between just wars of liberation, and unjust wars waged with the object of enslaving other peoples. "If the countries of the capitalist encirclement force us into war," concluded Rybin, "the war of the USSR against its enemies will be the most just of all the just wars which have ever taken place on earth." As for Lobanov, he was asked by the young sailors to deliver two lectures—"On the Role of the Individual in History" and "Bourgeois and Communist Morality."

Whether one is a Communist or an anti-Communist, the fact remains that ordinary sailors on a warship who are impelled to ask for lectures on political theory and philosophy, and furthermore have the opportunity to obtain the lectures they want, must have had the kind of general education for which educationists everywhere are striving, but with little success: the education that stimulates thought and a desire for knowledge.

But the education provided by the Soviet seven-year school, and by the various facilities for continued study, deals not only with the realm of theory or even ordinary school subjects. In the November 20 issue there is an account of several holiday expeditions into the Urals, organized by school children belonging to regional study groups in the

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Sverdlov region. Eight thousand children took part in these expeditions, one of which tramped 120 miles in the course of the holiday. One group visited the village of Galaktionovka, well known locally since the days of Peter the Great, who set up an iron foundry there. With the help of the local museum, and by studying the local folklore, they traced its history through the succeeding centuries. Other groups followed the path of the first exporters of timber—the Cossack pioneers—traveling down the River Sosva on lumber rafts of their own making. Others made collections of minerals, grasses, insects, and, in some cases, made valuable discoveries of lead and copper deposits and oil-bearing sands. Other groups, again, concentrated on writing down folklore, traditional songs, and peasant stories of exiled revolutionaries.

Education in the Soviet Union prepares the children for productive activity when they grow up. At Magadan, we read on November 14, a local House of Pioneers has been opened, in which the children have at their disposal, apart from the usual playrooms and reading room, a military room, a sculpture room, an art room, a music room, a "young naturalists' corner," an aviation room with a full sized aero engine and airplane control board, and a mechanics' room with new machine tools. The fruit of the work of this and scores of similar establishments throughout the USSR may be guessed from the results of the All-Union Young Shipbuilders' Competition, reported on November 23. School children submitted 223 floating models of battleships, cruisers, flotilla leaders, motor torpedo boats, hydroplanes, and commercial vessels driven by electric or petrol engines. One hydroplane model with a benzine motor, built by Michael Vorojeikin (Moscow), established a Soviet record speed of 20.4 kilometers per hour.

So much for a glimpse at the multiform variety of Soviet education. It is, of course, closely bound up with the second question: the training of children in some craft or trade.

HERE the USSR has made a particularly impressive step forward during the last twelve months, ensuring itself the recruitment of a vast army—more than 600,000 strong in the first year—of skilled young workmen in various industries. The setting up of a series of trade and railway schools, and of factory apprentice schools, was represented by anti-Soviet writers abroad almost as the creation of a kind of "servile state." At Khabarovsk, in the Far East, there were ninety vacancies in one ward, and 215 boys sent in applications through their schools. By November 21—within eleven days of the opening of enrollment—513,565 pupils had been registered for the schools. Of this number nearly three-quarters had made individual application without waiting to be selected by their village Soviet or town authority. Here was the practical evidence that, in the opinion of Soviet youth, the new system of industrial and trade training opened far wider horizons than had existed before, even in a country where there has been no unemployment for many years.

Youth in the Soviet Union has not only the assurance of employment, but the prospect, open to everyone, of starting in life at a far higher level of craftsmanship than the preceding generation.

What of elementary political science? The sailors on that Soviet warship were not an exception. On November 15 *Komsomolskaya Pravda* prints a report from the village of Budiatichi, in Volhynia, of how the local active youth (only five of them members of the Communist League of Youth, out of seventeen) undertook the political mobilization of the village, as a preliminary to harvesting. Each took ten cottages. In house-to-house visits, they carried on hundreds of political talks, supplemented by public lectures and the reading of appropriate items from the national press at village meetings, together with four issues of a wall newspaper. The purpose of the campaign was to explain the advantages of collective methods, if properly organized, for gathering in the harvest. They worked up the village to such a pitch of enthusiasm that the harvest was gathered in record time. Could there be a better training in elementary political science—which is the science of how to induce people to govern themselves and their affairs to the maximum public advantage?

This political education begins early. The paper of the Young Pioneers—active children organized for public activity as well as for their own social and sports purposes—has a circulation of 850,000. This paper — *Pionerskaya Pravda* — has trained no less than 2,000,000 leaders of Pioneer squads, chairmen of patrol councils, and editors of Pioneer wall newspapers.

A news story indicating something of the atmosphere with which the recruitment of young peasants for the trade schools was surrounded can well be quoted here, to show that intensely political and civic spirit which pervades such events. The story occurs in *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of November 16. The dispatch of young peasants to some industrial center for training is felt by the whole village to be not the blind fulfillment of some instruction from on high, not the "launching" of a boy on a new "career," but a deliberate and planned act of the community: that is, a practical experiment in elementary political science. Here is the account:

Four youths of our collective farm have been accepted into a factory training school, and two into a trade school. That is a great honor for us. In our district there were ten volunteers for every place in the schools; and if after careful selection our boys were accepted, why shouldn't we be proud?

The doctors when examining the youths, by the way, say: "The better, the stronger, and the richer the collective farm, the healthier and stronger its lads." Quite right. The collective farm youth are strong and healthy nowadays, because life is good and the people are well fed.

Peter Bovtun is our best horseman. The work just burns away in his hands. Olexi Gorelly is just as good. They will be going to the same school. The doctors and all the selection committee marveled at Stepan Tsarenko. Now the boys are leaving for Kiev. We are seeing them off as we would our own sons. They will have everything that the law entitles them to, and that they might need.

We have bought six pairs of brown boots for them, laid in cloth for trousers and shirts as well, and bought them all new overcoats. We're sewing two sets of underwear for each. In the village co-op we bought six warm fur caps. Our stores manager, Ivan Tkachenko, bought six neat little suitcases. The collective farm is supplying the lads with socks, towels, soap, toothbrushes, toothpowder, and handkerchiefs. It's difficult to list it all, but everything seems to be there. For example, each will have needles and a reel of cotton, and we're giving each one a notebook and pencil.

The boys will travel to Kiev free, on their vouchers. They will have food enough for the journey. Over and above, the collective farm has decided to pay forty rubles in cash for their expenses to each one leaving for these trade schools.

Before their departure we are organizing a big Youth evening. The dramatic circle is dedicating its new piece to the pupils. The Communist League of Youth is arranging a string orchestra concert and a grand choir for the evening. The next Youth League meeting will discuss all these preparations in still greater detail. So we hope to give them a good send-off.

All our young people say that the recruitment of the lads for the trade schools is the Stalin call-up. The training of state labor reserves is the job of the whole people. While getting ready to send our first representatives to town, we are already thinking about preparations for the next call-up to the factory schools in six months' time. Applications from volunteers are already coming in.

Signed: L. LASKARJEVSKY,
(Chairman of Management Committee, "Sickle and Hammer" Coll. Farm).

A. KRAVETZ,
(Secretary, Communist Party Organization of "Sickle and Hammer" Farm).

V. OLEXEZENKO.
(Secretary, Leninist-Communist League of Youth, "Sickle and Hammer" Farm).

D. OMELCHENKO,
(Chairman, Executive Committee of Lubyansk Village Soviet, "Sickle and Hammer" Farm).

This little picture of one village needs to be multiplied half a million times to give you a proper appreciation of the elementary education in political science which the Soviet youth in town and country get, day by day—and which stands them in good stead now, as even the Nazi propagandists ruefully admit.

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Instructress Davydova giving youngsters a piano lesson at the Gnesin music school in Moscow.

A corrective class in hearing and speech defects.

A healthy mind in a healthy body, however. Here, too, the scattered newspapers for one month, taken at random, give an eloquent picture.

On November 24 the Moscow Physical Culture Committee, jointly with the District Committee of the Communist League of Youth, organized two mass youth route marches: 1,894 physical culture clubs took part—over 20,000 individual participants. Youths marched fifteen to twenty kilometers across country, with one kilometer in gas masks. Girls marched from seven to ten kilometers, half a kilometer in gas masks. One may say, not without truth, that the Soviet youth were determined not to be taken by surprise.

This is even clearer in the new rules for the famous badge, "Ready for Labor and Defense," which hundreds of thousands of young people earn every year. The rules were published on November 27. They deserve careful study, because they will explain many surprises that met the fascist invaders of the USSR in June.

General Knowledge—Aims and organization of the Soviet physical culture movement, human anatomy, rules of personal and social hygiene, first-aid, daily gymnastics.

General Requirements—Run 1,000 meters in 3 min. 25 sec. (girls 500 meters in 1 min. 55 sec.). In snowy regions 10 kilometers on skis in 65 min. (girls 3 kilometers in 22 min.); in non-snowy regions 25 kilometers on foot in 5 hours (girls 15 kilometers in 3 hours 30 min.). Swim 100 meters in costume or 50 meters in clothes (girls 25 meters); 150 meters through obstacles, with rifle, in 90 sec. (girls without rifles in 75 sec.). Miniature rifle shooting.

Special Requirements—One of six groups to be chosen:

For speed—run 100 meters, skate 500 meters, swim 50 meters, etc.

For agility—gymnastics, acrobatics, long and high jumps, tennis.

For precision—bomb-throwing, discus, ball, javelin, shooting.

For endurance—long-distance running, rowing, skiing, cycling, football, etc.

For courage and resolution—high-diving, ski-jumping, parachute-jumping, alpine-climbing.

For strength — weight-lifting, weight-carrying, rope-climbing.

For Second Grade—Defense and attack (bayonet fighting, fencing, saber play, boxing, and wrestling).

One may say without exaggeration that millions of Soviet youth have passed tests like these. They are further kept regularly up to the mark by such competitions as the national skiing contest between the Karelo-Finnish Republic, Archangel, Gorky, and Molotov regions (reported on November 28), which was begun on the initiative of the Communications School at Petrozavodsk (Karelo-Finnish Republic). But with these national events, there is an endless series of local initiatives. For example, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* of November 30 reported from Kamenetz-Podolsk that the local Communist League of Youth was organizing instructors for collective farm physical culture clubs; 1,535 of the best physical culturists from the countryside were to go through specialist training of this kind in the course of a year, in this one medium-sized provincial town alone.

Then as to the fostering of good taste. Anyone familiar with Soviet life knows the part played in education by the history of the arts —painting, sculpture, music—parallel with organized school visits to museums, galleries, concerts, ballet. It is sufficient to be familiar with the Soviet press, even without visiting the USSR, to be struck by the number of occasions on which many columns of the newspapers, sometimes a page at a time, are devoted to descriptions and appreciations of the great novelists, poets, and painters of the USSR and other countries. A regular feature of life in the capitals of the sixteen Union Republics is the organization of festivals of the national arts (particularly dancing, music, opera, and the drama) of the other constituent republics of the USSR. The youth of the USSR play the leading part in these festivals, whose participants include not only professional artists but amateurs from the villages.

During the month we have taken as a specimen there was a special nationwide display of children's theaters. There are 100 such theaters in the country, which play in eighteen languages, before audiences which exceed 10,000,000 (*Komsomolskaya Pravda,* November 30). Fifty-two of these theaters entered the contest for the right to take part in the All-Union display of children's theaters, which began in February 1940. Over 100 plays were shown during the contest, drawing their subjects from national folklore, Soviet life of today, the history of Russia and of the other peoples inhabiting the former Russian empire, fairy stories, and the foreign classics like Moliere and Shakespeare. On November 15 the final show opened in Moscow, performed by two children's theaters of Moscow and eleven others from Georgia, the Ukraine, etc.

IT IS CHARACTERISTIC, by the way, that the same issue of *Komsomolskaya Pravda* for November 16 which announced the opening of this Children's Theater Display, and published the letter from the collective farm quoted above, should also publish—alongside a mass of other information about youth activity in factories and collective farms—two lengthy items on the fostering of good taste among the youth. One is an article by the well known composer Gliere, Peoples' Artist of the USSR, drawing attention to a ten-day festival of Soviet music beginning that evening, in which operas, concertos, symphonies, and ora-

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torios of Soviet composers would be presented. The other feature is a two-column fragment from an unpublished chapter of Tolstoy's first draft of his great novel *War and Peace*. It describes the successful fighting withdrawal of Russian troops numbering 4,000, under the command of Bagratsion, before a French army 40,000 strong. The description is perhaps even more topical today than when published.

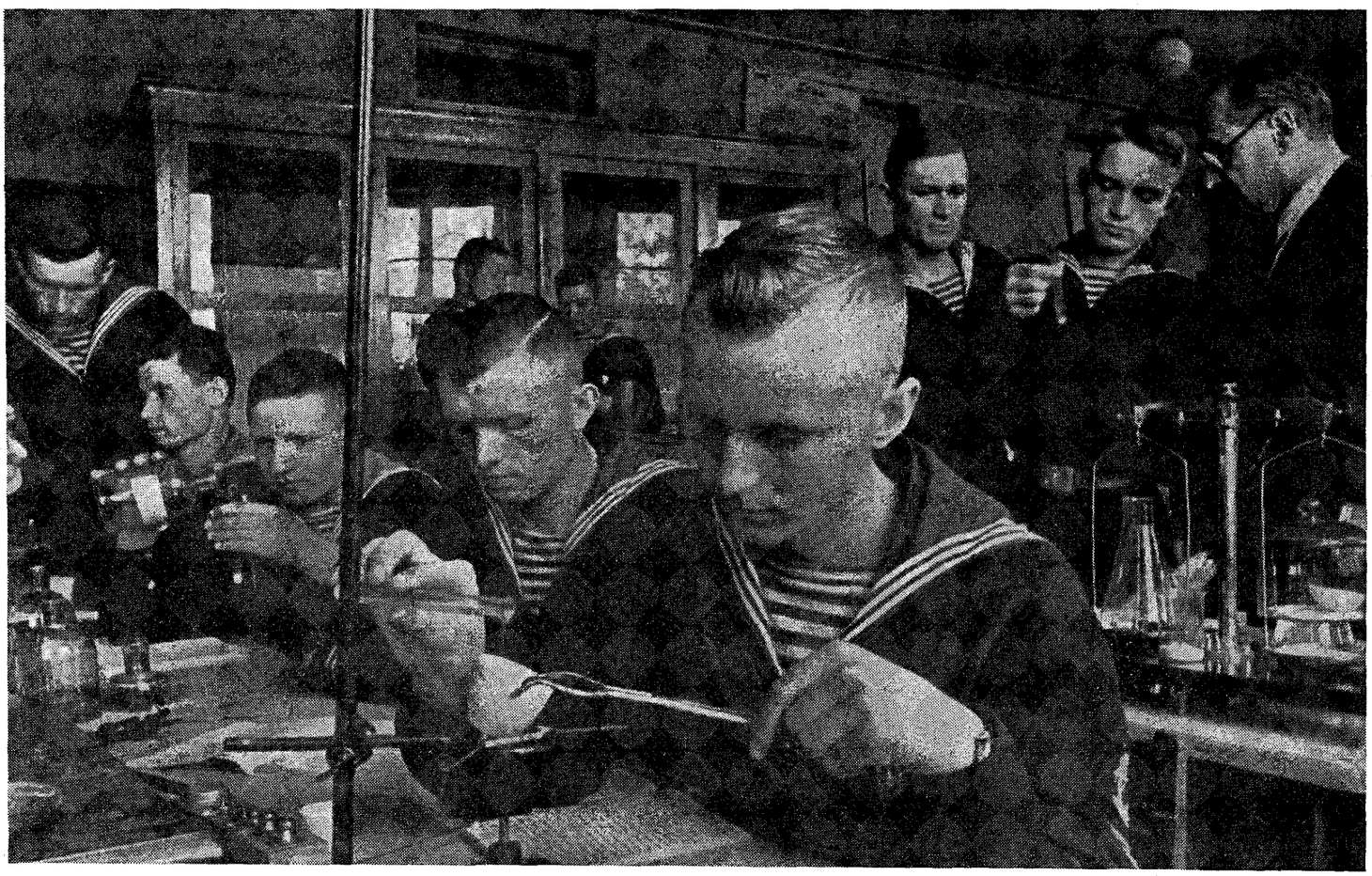
Finally we come to "training in habits of practical service." The material here is so abundant that selection is difficult. Thus, on November 12 we find the Communist League of Youth of Smolensk taking the initiative in recruiting thousands of youth volunteers to assist collective farmers in laying up cattle fodder for the winter. As a result the collective farms, which had planned to store 300,000 tons of fodder in silos, found themselves provided with 450,000 tons—an average, says the local correspondent, of three tons per cow. Moreover, youth teams had carried out repairs of cowsheds—whitewashing, etc.—on a large scale throughout the region.

On November 17 there is an example taken from the factories, where the youth again is shown in the vanguard. Not that all are blameless or held up as patterns: there are many examples of bad work, neglect of proper preparation for the opening of the trade schools, hooliganism among older school children, etc. But the striking and new features are such things as happened, for example, at the eleventh sector of the Ordjhonikidze oilfield, where a big district was threatened with flooding by a sudden new gusher. Working for four hours under a hail of earth and bursts of gas, the young workers led the building of a new earth wall and dam and saved immense quantities of oil. At the Kirov Engineering Works at Leningrad, the initiative of the youth has led to over 10,000 workers winning the proud title of Stakhanovites—exemplary workers distinguished by the rational organization of their job. Thanks to the activities of a youth team recruited at strategic points throughout the Marten shop, this section of the work was regularly overfulfilling its daily output of steel, reaching 107 percent of the standard output on November 15. At the "Sickle and Hammer Works," Moscow, already decorated with the Order of Lenin for its excellent results, a youth team had secured the fulfillment of the year's plan of output in the sheet-rolling department by November 15, six weeks ahead of time.

One more example in conclusion, taken from the editorial in the issue of November 22. "How many valuable proposals and businesslike schemes does the Communist League of Youth bring forward at meetings of collective farm management committees, or at general meetings! The organization of a new orchard or vineyard, the cultivation of new crops very much needed by the country, the enlargement of vegetable gardens or meadows, the organization of local fisheries, etc. . . . For example, in the 'Red Hero' Collective Farm (Ostrogojsk district, Voronezh region) the league has deservedly won general respect. They are the best Stakhanovites. They inspired the creation of a rabbit farm, in which there are at present about 1,000 Angora rabbits. A group of girls, headed by Haritina Baidukova, secretary of the League Committee, have arranged a model system for looking after the rabbits. The fur is worked up into excellent ladies' berets, and the rabbits will this year bring this collective farm over 40,000 rubles income. Leaguers of the 'Red Banner' Collective Farm (Volkhov district, Orel region) are equally concerned for the expansion of their economy. The best comrades here are engaged on the cattle farms. Maria Chuyeva is leader of a dairy farm which has a high milk yield. Here last spring the members of the Communist League of Youth set up a poultry farm and built a useful dam."

These are small events for a great country. But their like occurs daily in thousands of other places. Together, these innumerable examples of local initiative for the public good, which at the same time is the good of the individual, afford a ceaseless training for youth in the habit of service—without any suspicion or possibility that youth's service is being exploited for private profit.

ANDREW ROTHSTEIN.



Red Navy sailors studying chemistry

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IT'S NOT FUNNY

The Senate's farcical debate on the tax bill. A sad admission by the gentleman from North Dakota. He is not alone. Industry is granted "little" favors.

Washington.

SEN. TOM CONNALLY of Texas, as distinguished a southern bourbon as ever defended the institution of slavery, has again held aloft the banner of southern womanhood. It all had to do with the question of whether wealthy couples in certain states should be allowed to continue splitting up their income to escape heavy taxes. But beneath all the mumbo jumbo about morality, equality and freedom of womanhood, and ancient traditions, it was hard to figure out what all the shouting was about. "A woman who is worthy to bear our sons is worthy to have half the revenue produced by our hands," Connally told his Senate colleagues. Sen. John Overton of Louisiana went even further and said that the Senate Finance Committee was committing an immoral act because it was favoring common law marriages. Sen. Walter F. George, urbane and dignified chairman of the Finance Committee, replied in dead seriousness: "Oh no, there is nothing immoral in this thing. Just as surely as we stand on the floor of the Senate, all the moralities, in my judgment, are in favor of the tax we have recommended."

In eight states, known as the community-property states and including Texas, Louisiana, California, and Nevada, a husband can divide his income and property and give his wife half, so that each pays a tax on half the amount he earns rather than a joint tax on the total income. On an income of $500,000 you can save $28,701 by this little device. The Senate Finance Committee simply proposed that income shall be taxed to the spouse who earns it and not split in half. Senator Connally's statement that the committee was out to tax the property of "poor folks in my state" is a joke. In 1938 no married couple earning under $5,000 in community-property states used this tax loophole. But sixty-seven percent of those earning above $10,000 were only too glad to reaffirm their belief "in the right of women to own property."

The amendment to remove the advantage of the community-property states was the most debated item in the bill. Long, weighty legal tomes were submitted by senators from these states to show that the procedure dated back to the Code Napoleon, that it was interfering with states' rights to abolish it, and then topped it all off by declaring it was absolutely unconstitutional. Well, they won their fight and they didn't even have to filibuster for it. George, on behalf of the Finance Committee, bowed to the powerful oratory of Connally and the others and moved to eliminate the committee amendment. George made a great show of saying that he still favored the amendment but was offering this appeasement gesture in the "interest of expeditious action." Connally, whose appetite was whetted by that time and just rarin' for a good fight, agreed to the proposal but characterized it as "the Japanese doctrine of saving face."

GEORGE INDULGED in a great deal of face saving throughout the debate on the bill. His introductory remarks on the measure were an elaborate answer to those who thought big business should have been socked much harder. He pointed out the imperative need not to make the provisions of the bill so "drastic as to chill the genius of creative enterprise or paralyze the driving force of the individual effort." He went on to say that next to the inducement of the profit motive, the reward for risk kept our society moving, and summed up: "I must confess that in the tax bill as it passed the House, and in the bill as it is reported to the Senate, it is controlled somewhat, but I hope not unduly."

The senator was just kidding when he said the bill would not "unduly" hamper business. He knew quite well that the profits could keep on piling up high just as before. The Senate Finance Committee showed such a tender regard for business that it was really touching. Goodness knows, the House bill coddled the big boys. But the Senate version did all sorts of little favors for industry. Why? Because of the pressure of trade associations, the slick manipulations of lobbyists, the activities of senators themselves who were out to please the local big shots.

And the senators were rather frank in admitting this. They eliminated a provision in the House bill which lifted the exemption on excess-profits taxes given to strategic mining companies. The remark of Sen. Alvah Adams of Colorado is illuminating: "I know the mining sections of the country are appreciative of the consideration the committee gave," he said. The House provided a ten percent manufacturers' tax on electrical appliances. The Senate broadened the provision to include gas and oil heaters, too, because Sen. George stated so "many objections reached the committee" that the original measure discriminated against electrical manufacturers. The Senate rejected the House tax on outdoor advertising without a word of debate. George skipped the usual explanation of the committee recommendation because "we have certainly had enough correspondence about it." The tax on sales of radio broadcasting companies was also rejected without anyone even raising the why or wherefore. The tax on soft drinks was eliminated. No debate, just an aside from George that it "penalized small bottlers." Actually the tax would have cost the Coca-Cola Co., the biggest of them all, a few million dollars. George's concern for the small bottlers is all very touching, but he is far better known for his close interest in the wealthy Coca-Cola outfit located in his district.

Perhaps the most amusing example of how gently local business interests were treated is the Senate's action in reducing the tax on gambling machines from the committee proposal of $200 to fifty dollars. The debate on this "significant" item was equalled only by the fight on the community-property return. The amendment was introduced by Berkeley L. Bunker, junior senator from Nevada and a bishop of the Mormon Church. Gambling is legal in Nevada and takes up a good deal of the time of the six-weeks' dwellers of Reno. Bunker, overlooking religion for the moment, stated the $200 tax would just about put the slot machine companies out of business and take away a lot of revenue from Nevada. This amendment caused a heated debate on the advisability of taxing vice. Bennett Champ Clark of Missouri said it was equal to taxing prostitution. Sen. Pat McCarran, senior statesman from Nevada, immediately sprang to the defense of his fair state and charged Clark with casting aspersions on the virtue of Nevada. In the middle of the discussion on the slot machine amendment, a terrific debate on Communism and foreign policy suddenly bobbed up, with isolationist Clark making frequent references to "Bloody Joe Stalin," and attacking the administration's policy of aid to the Soviet Union. In all the furore Senator Bunker got his amendment through, but not before he solemnly assured his colleagues that "I should like to say that my friends in Nevada, who were interested in this matter, have no connection whatever with Mr. Stalin or Mr. Hitler."

This debate was typical of the haphazard way in which the Senate considered a tax bill desperately needed to pay for the planes

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Clinton

"Buck up, Colonel, Talmadge is still holding Atlanta."

tanks, and guns being turned out on American assembly lines. Most of the senators are only too eager to admit that they know nothing about taxes, and the bill is practically assured of passage the way it comes out of committee. Sen. William Langer of North Dakota complained, "Frankly, I cannot vote intelligently on any of these amendments because I do not know what I am voting on." And the senator from Connecticut, John Danaher, admitted, "I usually take everything that comes from the Committee on Finance without dotting an 'i' or crossing a 't.'"

The Senate Finance Committee therefore bears the main responsibility for the tax bill adopted by the Senate. And the $3,580,900,000 measure is certainly not a major contribution to the fight against Hitlerism. In the first place, it falls pitifully short of raising enough money to keep the wheels of production moving. Even more important, it is a blow to morale and national unity because it places the main tax burden on those who can least afford to shoulder it.

IN ADDITION to the little favors granted industry, the Senate, on the suggestion of the Finance Committee, really handed big business some important concessions. It bowed to reactionary demands to cut non-defense expenditures by setting up a committee to effect some $2,000,000,000 in savings. To Senator Byrd, who saw his dream come true at last, non-defense expenditures are synonymous with WPA, NYA, the food stamp plan, and other necessary social services. Then the Senate eliminated the special ten percent excess-profits tax aimed at steel and railroad companies who aren't paying any taxes now because of the loopholes in the bill. Last year US Steel made a profit of $155,800,000, but paid no excess-profits tax. The whole yield expected from excess-profits taxes, under the bill just passed and the present law, amounts to a little over $2,000,000,000, less than fifteen percent of all revenue expected. During the first world war excess-profits taxes accounted for forty-five percent of all revenue coming in.

On the other hand, taxes on individuals were boosted substantially through lowering exemptions and higher surtax rates. Heavier excise taxes were levied on practically all everyday articles, excluding food. The five-dollar tax on the use of all automobiles, attacked so strongly by the Treasury, was retained. But the present $40,000 exemptions on gift and estate taxes were left alone, although the Treasury asked that they be lowered to $25,000. The only decent provision in the bill is the surtax on corporations to get at federal securities in the hands of banks and insurance companies which are exempt from the normal corporation tax. But here again, there is still $19,000,000 of state and local securities exempt which the bill didn't touch. The measure contains none of the other Treasury proposals to fix up the excess-profits tax by eliminating the average earnings method, hit the oil and gas companies harder, and make the joint return mandatory for wealthy couples.

EVERYONE wants to contribute his just share to the defense of the country, but when the married man who is making thirty-eight dollars a week realizes that the new bill makes him pay an additional tax of $40.70 while allowing General Motors to make profits of $210,000,000 before paying an excess-profits tax, his confidence in the administration is going to be badly shaken. When he realizes that an individual owning an estate of $41,000 has to pay a tax of only thirty dollars, the same as a man earning $21.65 a week, he will be more apt to listen to the America First crowd.

The senate finance committee listened with rapt attention to business lobbyists, but ignored labor and progressive groups which urged that now was the time to initiate a democratic tax program. It should be emphasized that every time a tax bill comes before Congress, business groups get to work immediately and lobby for all they are worth. They get results, too. It is only recently that the CIO and such groups as the National Lawyers Guild have begun to acquaint the senators with the type of tax program labor wants to see. This time the Senate paid scant attention to their arguments, but more pressure when the next tax bill is up may change the situation.

As a matter of fact the Senate paid hardly any attention to the program put forth by Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau. They did, of course, accept his proposal to lower the personal exemptions. It certainly was a grave mistake for the Treasury to be out in front with this suggestion and give reactionary senators another excuse to put the main tax burden on the people. But the secretary made it plain that this proposal should not be adopted unless his other proposals to tighten up the loopholes in the present tax structure were also adopted. Of course things didn't work out that way. Part of the blame is to be borne by the administration leaders in the Senate. They put up no fight at all to get the Treasury's constructive suggestions incorporated in the bill. They supported the bill as it came out of committee and made no attempt to change it.

This weak administration position in the Senate played to some extent into the hands of the appeasement group. Bob La Follette, who for years has been the outstanding proponent of broadening the tax base, suddenly reversed his position. He made political capital by attacking the bill as inequitable and appearing as the champion of the low income groups. Most of the other members of the appeasement group in the Senate—Vandenberg, Taft, Clark, and Nye—who are certainly not noted for their interest in the underdog, also attacked the bill as unjust. Even Senator Vandenberg was opposed to lowering of personal exemptions. He rather favored his own pet theory of a general sales tax to hit the workers.

These isolationists attacked the tax bill in order to discredit the administration's foreign policy. A democratic tax bill should raise all the revenue needed and levy taxes according to ability to pay. The tax bill just passed by the Senate doesn't measure up to either qualification. The administration has the responsibility to remedy this situation when the next tax bill comes up. It should bear in mind that the American people are prepared to accept necessary sacrifices, but they want to make sure that all groups and that means wealthy corporations and individuals too, are bearing their share of the defense burden.

EVA LAPIN.

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THE BASIS OF SOVIET MILITARY LEADERSHIP

No "born to the sword" nonsense. A command democratically chosen for merit and achievement. Science, strategy, and tactics. What the Red Army General Staff has accomplished.

"I saw the Future and it works."—Lincoln Steffens after his first visit to Moscow in 1919.

THE two last words of Lincoln Steffens' cry of enthusiasm have been worrying the bourgeois world for two decades. It is, therefore, quite natural that all their efforts should be directed toward proving that this is not so. Failures of the Soviet Union in the factory, on the farm, in the school, in science, and government, must be "demonstrated." In addition to this, due to the advent of the war period which has been a pall over the world since 1931, special emphasis has been laid on "proving" that the Soviet system could produce neither generals, officers, soldiers, nor armaments of good quality.

Of course, after many years the truth about Soviet industry, agriculture, education, science, and government, has to a certain extent seeped into the world. This is not so, however, concerning questions of a military nature, because most professional soldiers in the bourgeois world are reactionary. A majority of these officers have tacitly united in an effort to "prove" that the land of socialism could not produce a good army because it dispensed with the military caste, blasted the conception that one should die joyfully for somebody else's pocket, and introduced a system whereby no private profits are made on anything, including armaments. The result of this was supposed to be (and had to be *proven to be*) a dearth of strategists and tacticians, a total absence of fighting spirit among the troops, and a general and woeful deficiency in armaments.

THE PEOPLE inhabiting five-sixths of the world were fed on this stuff for a decade, the apogee of the "Red-Army-is-no-damn-good" campaign being reached in 1937 when it was comparatively easy to take advantage of the traitors' trials to say: "Well, they did have eight good generals after all, but they shot them. So now there are no more good generals left." But after that came the battles against Japan at Khassan and Nomonhan in 1938-39, the march into western Byelo-Russia and the western Ukraine, the Soviet-Finnish war, and finally the military cataclysm of June 22, 1941. It became clear that Soviet planes fly, Soviet guns shoot, Soviet tanks roll, and, above all, millions of Soviet soldiers foolishly seem to be fighting to the death for their own homes and interests.

Grudgingly and gingerly, step by step, the brass hats began to concede things. Yes, the Red Army had licked the Japanese twice, but . . . this was a small "vestpocket" war. Yes, the Red Army marched to meet the German army in September 1939 hard and fast and the operations came off strictly on schedule,

but . . . there was no real military opposition.

True, the Soviet tanks stood up against the German tanks. Undoubtedly the Soviet fliers were not knocked out of the sky in the first week. They hit hard at the German troops, they raided Berlin and eastern Germany repeatedly, and are quite able to protect their capitals. They have even developed a special technique of ramming German planes in the air, which . . . er . . . requires considerable skill and . . . well . . . courage.

THE FIGHTERS of the Red Army die rather than surrender. They are not afraid of encirclement and consider such a contingency to be "just one of those things." Finally, the entire population of the Soviet Union seems to have received arms of one kind or another and, in spite of that, it stubbornly refuses to turn against its own government. It turns against the invader instead. Even the women. Percival Knauth in the New York *Times* of September 7 had a nice phrase. He wrote that the Germans in Russia find that "there are no girls—the Russian women carry guns."

But—and here is another last stand "but"—the Red generals don't know their strategy. Tactics?—huh, yes. They seem to know something about that, but strategy—how could they? They have not been born to the sword. Their ancestors were not officers. They never absorbed the culture of the officers' mess. Command with them is not a matter of heredity. And, furthermore, sings the brass hat chorus, the Red Army in 1937 shot its best military leaders and they were the only ones who understood strategy.

These gentlemen conveniently forget that almost a quarter of a century has passed since the Russian Imperial Army disintegrated and a new, Red Army was built. A new generation of military leaders has grown up. Those top men who came up from the ranks had ample time to get their schooling as well as ample occasion to gain fighting experience. The fact that these leaders were chosen in a really democratic way for their achievements and from the entire population, clearly works to the advantage of the service by freeing the army of the liability of getting "born" military leaders whose main qualification at times used to be an aunt who was influential at court, a handsome figure "made" for the uniform, or even the ability to imitate the cries of different animals. (It must be confessed that the latter example refers not to a Russian Imperial general, but to a minister of the interior who got his job because he could imitate the fawning of "a panther in love.")

In this connection it would be well to look at the requirements for a so-called strategist and strip the concept itself of all accompanying hocus pocus with which it is being presented to the layman. In order to understand what makes a strategist and a tactician, it is necessary to understand the words strategy and tactics. Let us take several classical definitions:

The American Soldier: "Strategy gets you there and tactics puts you in."

General Clausewitz: "Tactics is the doctrine of the use of troops in battle, whilst strategy is the doctrine of the use of battles in the pursuit of war aims." (While one is bound to agree with the general idea, it is quite surprising that Clausewitz, who was a pupil of Hegel, should use the term "doctrine" in the definition of two concepts which spring primarily from movement. However, this belongs purely to the domain of philosophy.)

Moltke the Elder: He defines tactics much as Clausewitz does. He defines strategy as "the practical adaptation of all the means at a military commander's disposal toward the achievement of the object in view." And, elaborating on the idea, Moltke adds: "Strategy is a system of makeshifts. It is more than science, *it is the application of science to practical affairs; it is carrying through an originally conceived plan under a constantly shifting set of circumstances.* It is the art of acting under the pressure of the most difficult kind of conditions. *Strategy is the application of common sense in the work of leading an army; its teachings hardly go beyond the first requirements of common sense;* its value lies entirely in its concrete application. It is a matter of understanding correctly at every moment a constantly changing situation, and then doing the simplest and most natural thing with energy and determination. This is what makes war an art, an art that is served by

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many sciences. Like every art, war cannot be learned rationally, but only by experience. In war as in art there can be no set standards, nor can a code of rules take the place of brains." [My emphasis—T.] Good old Prussian junker Moltke! He could not have blasted the idea of an "hereditary caste of strategists" better if he had been a Marxist, which he certainly was not.

Taking von Moltke at his word we see that not only is there nothing to prevent the Soviet system from producing good strategists, but that it has all the prerequisites for doing so. "Application of science to practical affairs"? Why, this is the very outlook of Soviet life! "Carrying through an originally conceived plan under a constantly shifting set of circumstances"? But this is meat to the dialectician! "The application of common sense in the work of leading an army"? Is there anybody who will advance the theory that common sense can only be the result of either genteel heredity or upper class upbringing?

We see that there is nothing in the Soviet system to preclude the formation of a set of good military leaders. On the other hand, there is everything in that system to foster such an establishment on the broadest base. First, no economic, racial, or class barriers stand between the citizen and the marshal's star. The system draws for its military leaders upon the entire people. It is evident that by the very force of the theory of probabilities the choice is wider and better than under all other systems. Second, the very theoretical foundation of the Soviet system—dialectical materialism—with all it implies, forms the best possible base for strategical thought.

As we said before, a majority of so-called military critics, much against their "better" feelings, have conceded the fact that Soviet fighters, Soviet morale, Soviet arms, and Soviet tactics are good. Some have even conceded, as did the chief of the British Military Mission in Moscow, Lieut. Gen. McFarlane, that Soviet staff work and supreme leadership were excellent. But the majority of the "experts" still chew their cud about the "inferior" Soviet command. Let us examine in a broad way what this command has done:

1. It succeeded in weathering the sudden onslaught of a thrice superior number of enemy troops as well as extricating its advanced armies from extremely exposed positions along a "bulgy" border.

2. It succeeded in covering its mobilization by a skillful and slow retreat to the fortified zone without permitting the enemy to effect a single strategic breakthrough.

3. It not only upset the entire timetable of the German General Staff, but it also frustrated its plan to attack and capture Moscow in the hope that the whole Soviet state would collapse and the Ukraine would fall like a ripe plum into Hitler's lap.

4. It frustrated the German alternate plan to cut up and destroy the Red Army, eliminating it as a fighting force.

5. It successfully maintained its communication system under extremely difficult circumstances and continues to maintain it up to this day.

6. It organized and now directs the extremely complex operations of guerrillas over an enormous area. This in itself is no mean staff achievement.

7. It organized, planned, and executed the scorched earth policy. This is not a matter of simply sticking a match to a barn or a fuel tank, but requires minute planning in advance.

8. Finally, the High Command of the Red Army performed the gigantic task of mobilizing, training, arming, and organizing an entire people into a people's army.

9. And it is admitted even by Lowell Limpus, the military kibitzer of the New York *Daily News,* that Marshal Budenny performed a near miracle in extricating his armies from the Ukrainian trap a month ago.

THESE are some of the achievements of the Soviet military leadership. It seems to me that they speak for themselves. In evaluating them it should not be forgotten that the Soviet Union does not fight Germany alone. It has Finland, Rumania, Slovakia, Hungary, as full-fledged enemies, plus a motley array of all sorts of "crusaders" like Italy, Spain, Vichy France, etc. It has Japan and other countries to watch, and watch very closely. And the Soviet Union fights, unfortunately, almost alone. All this must be considered when evaluating the work of the Soviet High Command.

COLONEL T.

Examine carefully the photograph above and then look at the one below which appeared in the New York "Daily News" on August 26. The picture above of Soviet farm women defending their village was sent by radio from Moscow. Before it was published in appeaser Patterson's newspaper, the photo was retouched to make these determined and courageous women look starved and cruel. The face of the woman on the right was neatly transformed into that of a killer. There is a long tradition of faking anti-Soviet photos in appeasement newspapers like the "Daily News," the "Chicago Tribune," and the Hearst press.

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NEW MASSES

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Business Manager
CARL BRISTEL

★

"Let's Free Browder Now"

THE fight to free Earl R. Browder gains momentum in the unions. Each day more and more spokesmen of the AFL and CIO demand his immediate release from Atlanta penitentiary. Michael Quinn, president of the Seattle AFL Ship Scalers, declared that "Browder's immediate release becomes imperative in the effort for national unity in the defeat of Hitlerism." Nineteen heads of Minnesota CIO unions, including officials of the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, the United Automobile Workers, the International Woodworkers, and the United Office and Professional Workers, stated that "the liberation of Earl Browder at this time would be a valuable example . . . to demonstrate the determination of the American people to set aside all differences which must be subordinated for victory in the all-out united effort today." Marine workers on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts have raised the slogan "Let's Free Browder Now." Fifteen officials of the AFL Bakery and Confectionery Workers wrote President Roosevelt that by freeing Browder, "You will strengthen the belief of the American people in the inviolability of the US Constitution and Bill of Rights, as well as achieve our higher degree of unity." The list grows impressively long.

The Citizens Committee to Free Browder has now issued a petition to which all persons of good will should sign their names and lend their weight to this crucial struggle to strengthen the anti-fascist movement. The committee hopes to send 100,000 names to the President within the next few weeks. Those who have already signed include Tom Mooney, chairman, James Waterman Wise, Meta Berger, Josephine Truslow Adams, Warren Billings, Arturo Giovanetti, Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, Rev. F. Hastings Smith, Sara Bard Field, Charles E. S. Wood, Richard Wright, and many, many others.

Twelfth Week

THE localized counter-blows that Marshal Timoshenko's armies have been delivering at the Nazi forces in the central sector of the Soviet front since mid-August have now grown into a major Soviet victory. Eight German divisions, numbering about 120,000 men, have been routed and forced to retreat, and the Red Army has reoccupied the town of Elnya, about forty-five miles southeast of Smolensk. The Soviet troops have accomplished the unprecedented: they have for the first time routed a large German army. Retaining the initiative, they are now in a position to threaten both Smolensk and Gomel.

These successes were the most important military development in a week in which the pressure on Leningrad increased as the Nazis hurled vast numbers of men, planes, tanks, and guns into a desperate effort to capture the cradle of the socialist revolution before the snow begins to fly. Despite Nazi claims of having completely encircled the city, the beleaguered Soviet forces, commanded by Marshal Voroshilov, have made successful counter-attacks north and south. In Leningrad, as in Kiev and Odessa to the South, the entire population is participating in the defense of the city, giving new testimony to the superlative morale and fighting spirit of the Soviet people.

In the Ukraine the Nazis have been unable to make any headway since Marshal Budenny executed what Major George Fielding Eliot called "one of the most successful delaying and withdrawal operations in military history." All Nazi efforts to advance from the west bank of the lower Dnieper have been repulsed, whereas Soviet forces at one point succeeded in forcing their way back across the river and establishing a sizable bridgehead.

Thus, as the twelfth week of the Nazi invasion of the USSR nears its close, none of the objectives of the German high command has been achieved: the Red Army has not been destroyed, but, on the contrary, grows stronger; Soviet industry and agriculture have not been crippled through the seizure of vital resources; no major Soviet city has been captured.

ONE YEAR AGO the British people seemed helpless under the furious pounding of the luftwaffe. Today they are beginning to pay back in kind. During the past week the Royal Air Force made its heaviest raid on Berlin since the war began and followed the next night with another heavy attack, damaging military and industrial objectives. But even more spectacular was the raid on Spitsbergen, Norwegian island in the Arctic Circle, made by British, Canadian, and Norwegian troops. Spitsbergen has valuable coal mines, which are reported to have been destroyed, thus preventing them from falling into the hands of the Nazis. Practically the entire civilian population, numbering between 700 and 1,000, was transported to England. It is not clear whether an occupying force was left behind. Spitsbergen, since it flanks the northern sea routes and is within flying distance of the Soviet islands of Novaya Zemlya and the port of Murmansk, might serve as an air base for an allied invasion of Norway.

Scorched Earth in France

READERS of NEW MASSES remember the articles of Gabriel Peri in this publication: the foreign editor of *Humanite* and former vice chairman of the foreign affairs committee of the Chamber of Deputies commanded respect on both sides of the Atlantic. Today M. Peri faces the guillotine. *Le Cri du Peuple*, a Vichy publication, served it masters promptly, in demanding Pe for that most atrocious of all crimes i today—patriotism. Peri's name tops of thirty to forty thousand Frenchme hostages to Hitler in Paris alone.

The Nazis and the Petain stoolpigeon regime are desperately striving to halt the series of anti-Hitler demonstrations sweeping the country. And they use the only method they know—a medieval terrorism which is the measure of their fear. For the people of France have embarked upon a scorched earth policy of their own. Despite the widely advertised threat of death for sabotage, only last week the railroad to Leman was so crippled that all traffic stopped on the main line from Paris to the Brittany coast for thirty hours. Nazi soldiers continue to fall mortally wounded on Paris streets: a sort of guerrilla warfare is spreading over the country.

The people are casting their vote—in the ways an enslaved people find—on Vichy's collaborationist policies. It is obvious by now, to anyone who wishes to see, that Petain's government does not represent the people of France. It is disconcerting, to say the least, to read that Admiral Leahy attended the proceedings where Petain formed his fascistic Legion. It is more than disconcerting to observe apparent complacency in high quarters here at the pro-Nazi espionage activities stemming from Vichy's embassy in Washington. The New York *Herald Tribune* deserves commendation for unearthing the subversive activities of Ambassador Henri-Haye's staff here. The "Jean Musa incident" alarms all who want to clear this country of Nazi agents. And now another French fascist leader has been permitted to enter the country: one Armand Gregoire, an associate of the infamous Otto Abetz, present German ambassador in Paris, who bought up all who could be had for money in the French capital before the war. The question naturally arises: how much money has M. Gregoire at his disposal to do an Abetz job here. The American people, for their own protection, must demand that Henri-Haye and his whole entourage of traitors be expelled from the country at once.

Red-Baiting Loses

BY REFUSING to be intimidated by Red-baiting, by standing up to the bogey instead of attempting to avoid it or get around it, the delegates to the convention of United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers, CIO, proved that the Red scare loses its menace once it is faced foursquare. The Red-baiters came to the UE convention primed to raise the devil. The delegates wanted to know: What are the Red-baiters after? What are their motives? And the delegates were not asking rhetorical questions; unlike Pilate, they stayed for an answer—and a complete answer at that. And when they heard the advocates of disunity lamely give their "reasons," they overwhelmingly rejected a policy that could only bring harm to their organization.

They elected Albert J. Fitzgerald presi-

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dent. James Carey, his predecessor, had capitulated at times to the Red-baiters, and he had been guilty of raising scares on his own account. He refused to renounce his position. And so, in self-protection, the union replaced him with a man who realizes the implications of witch hunts. Certainly the conservative Fitzgerald is a long way from being a Communist: but as an honest unionist he is sure of the full support of any Communist who happens to be a member of the UE, and of the support of the full membership which desires to press forward with organization and to implement the fight against Hitlerism. The membership served warning that it will tolerate no diversion weakening to the union and ruinous of the important unity it has forged.

Track to Higher Wages

THE five railroad brotherhoods and the fourteen cooperating organizations in the railroad industry have taken the largest strike vote in their history. It is being counted as we go to press, but there is no doubt that it will authorize by an overwhelming majority a strike against the companies which have rejected out of hand all demands of the workers. According to the terms of the Railroad Labor Act, the President will thereupon declare a state of emergency in the industry, and will appoint a three-man fact finding board, whose recommendations, while not binding, will nevertheless carry immense weight.

Needless to say, the machinery set up to handle railroad labor disputes does not help the workers reach a speedy settlement. Forced mediation, with its endless delays, only gives the employers ample time to prepare to break the strike, should the workers be forced in the end to walk out. And it is both disappointing and dangerous that the government has not brought strong pressure on the companies to meet the legitimate demands of the men and that union officials have bogged down in their customary ultra-conservative attitudes.

The brotherhoods are asking for wage increases, the first since 1937, to meet the rapidly rising cost of living; they oppose changes in work rules that would do away with seniority and practically wipe out union contracts. The fourteen cooperating organizations also demand wage raises, oppose the rules changes, and in addition, ask for two weeks' vacation with pay. It goes without saying that they are fighting the attempt by the western railroads to put through a ten percent wage reduction.

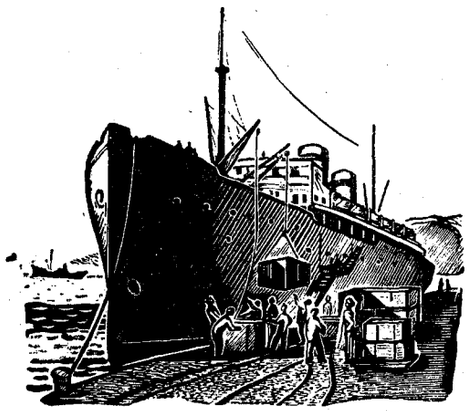
A few facts should be borne in mind. The cost of living is rising rapidly. The rail companies report earnings of $433,538,408 for the first six months of 1941, compared with $245,523,110 for a similar period last year. The railroad workers are an important part of our national defense effort. Their standard of living depends on winning their demands. The companies are well able to pay—they are making greater profits than they have in years. The President's emergency board will have a relatively simple problem to determine the real situation. The railroad workers have no wish to strike—but they will not tolerate starvation pay and the cancellation of gains won in the past with great sacrifice and struggle.

What About Oil?

ONE thing all the excitement over the oil shortage accomplished—it drew attention to the whole question of the oil monopoly. The Senate investigation has already revealed some interesting facts that do little to make the great oil companies more endearing.

In the first place, there was never any question about insufficient oil production. Difficulties were caused by lack of transportation, because most of the tanks, which were owned by the oil companies, were busy taking oil to the Allies. There were not enough tankers to provide Great Britain and the Soviet Union, and yet keep supplies of crude oil and gasoline at normal proportions in the East. With this premise, it was to be expected that the price of oil would rise abruptly. Senator Gillette pointed out that on the day that Ralph K. Davies, vice president of Standard Oil of California, was appointed deputy coordinator under Secretary Ickes, his company boosted the price of crude oil three-quarters of a cent, and Standard Oil of New Jersey increased the price of gasoline in the East by two cents. It is also interesting to note that fourteen of the twenty-three members of the Advisory Oil Council are defendants in an anti-trust suit brought by the government against the oil interests, and twelve of them were previously found guilty in a similar suit.

Moreover, *Labor,* organ of the railroad brotherhoods, pointed out in June that 18,000 tank cars were idle—and these cars were owned by the oil companies, a majority of them by a Standard Oil subsidiary. Just last week these tank cars were "discovered." J. J. Pelley, head of the Association of American Railroads, confirmed their existence before the Senate committee. But why did the oil companies take so long to find this belated "cure" for the transportation bottleneck? Could it be, as O. A. Knight, president of the CIO Oil Workers Union, charged, that the Rockefeller monopoly was stimulating shortages? Were the large companies interested in having the government build pipelines through states with legislation forbidding such construction to private concerns? Did the companies expect to control these lines as they did the tankers and tank cars? What truth is there in the accusation that the companies were anxious to pipe gasoline rather than crude oil, thus doing away with refineries in New Jersey and elsewhere in the East (because the New Jersey workers were organized and had forced the companies to pay seven cents more per hour than workers received in the unorganized South)?



The pipelines should be built—that is obvious. But they should be controlled by the government. Moreover, shortages of gasoline will be borne cheerfully enough if such sacrifice is necessary to smash Hitler. Yet let us not demand useless "sacrifices" to increase the profits of the oil companies. Congress must make sure that the few do not exploit the determination of the many in the name of national defense.

The Senate committee has the obligation to unearth the facts, to provide the public with complete answers to these questions. Obviously the oil companies are attempting to strengthen their control of oil transportation. Just as the Aluminum Co. put profits ahead of the country's security, so the oil companies use a national emergency to gouge new concessions and to advance their private interests.

Diesmania

MARTIN DIES is at it again. This time he's gunning directly for national defense, training his Red Scare rifle on the Washington personnel. In a letter to President Roosevelt, the Texas congressman demands the prompt dismissal of Price Controller Leon Henderson and four of his principal subordinates. The charges against them are typical Diesmania.

Monotonous as the congressman's pointing-with-alarm has become, this latest gesture has new meaning. Notice the charge against Henderson—simply that he was not on the side of the Nazis and their Chamberlain servants who stabbed Spanish democracy. And Mr. Dies coolly asks the President to throw out defense personnel on the basis of their anti-Nazi and pro-labor activities. Not that this sort of Hitlerism is anything new with the loud-mouthed gentleman from Texas. But now he expresses it more dangerously, by functioning as a Red-baiting agency of Nazi sympathizers who would like nothing better than to sabotage defense by discrediting it and stripping off all democratic features. It is a pity that Leon Henderson has failed to take a stronger stand. While he pooh-poohed the charges and refused to act on them, Mr. Henderson promised to fire anyone in his department whom the Civil Service Commission would name a Communist. This attitude, that Communists haven't a right to employment, is no help in the problem of combating Diesmen. The congressman has already announced that he will name fifty more OPACS "Reds." Mr. Dies is out for a purge in the grand style. The way to stop him is to stop him now—without conceding one point.

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RABINDRANATH TAGORE

He could not quite reach the mainstream of Indian life, but he gave his people a deep sense of their traditions and culture. His prolific writings.

WHEN I read the announcement that Rabindranath Tagore had died at the age of eighty, I thought immediately of his line in *Stray Birds:*

Let me not put myself wrongly to my world and set it against me.

And then I thought of the first time I ever saw that prophetic figure, back in college days in the twenties; and then of the days I spent in Santiniketan, his international university in rural Bengal, in the thirties. The first time he was aging; the second time, bent; the fact that he lived another decade is a further indication of the remarkable vital forces which welled up within him.

That these forces never flowed into, and again out of, the main lifestream of the Indian people is the great pity of his work. In *Gitanjali* he sings, plaintively,

I am eager and wakeful, I am a stranger in a strange land.
Thy breath comes to me, whispering an impossible hope.
Thy tongue is known to my heart as its very own.
O Far-to-seek, O the keen call of thy flute!
I forget, I ever forget, that I know not the way, that I have not the winged horse.

When I saw him in the thirties, I was on the way home from Cairo. I had seen demonstrations in Bombay and Calcutta, and went out to Santiniketan for what I hoped would be an introduction to the cultural side of the Indian emancipation movement.

Indian hospitality is unqualified at Santiniketan, and immediately after arrival I found myself witnessing the celebration of a monsoon festival, hundreds and perhaps thousands of years old in the culture of the Indian people. There was music, drama, dancing. Gurudeva (divine teacher, Tagore's only designation in Santiniketan) was sitting on a raised platform, apparently lost in contemplation or appreciation.

Though it was all extremely interesting, I could not get away from the fact that I was witnessing something "pretty" rather than profound.

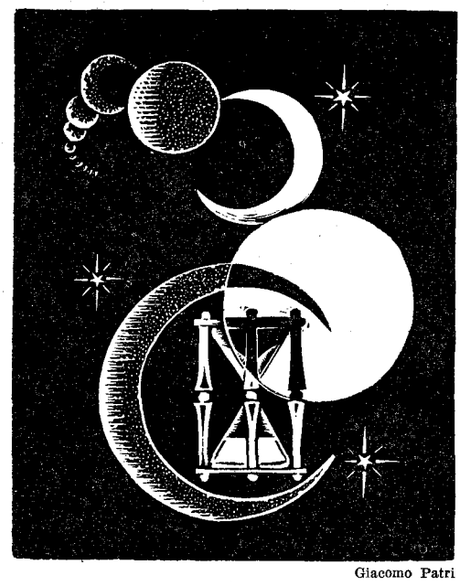
In the remaining time I spent there, I studied rather closely the rest of that rambling, happy, fascinating colony of several hundred souls seeking culture amid the unbelievably expansive sky of the smiling Bengal countryside. In addition to its primary, middle, and college departments, there was a school of ancient Oriental languages, an art school, and a rural reconstruction unit. Certainly it represented the interests of a broad, catholic mind.

Since that time I have studied the prolific writings of Tagore and have come to the following general conclusion: that he was great, but not nearly so great as his superlative capacities might have made him. He was great as a leading excavator of a submerged, highly developed Indian classical culture; he was great as the creator of a Bengali literature in the language of the people; he was great as a Hindu anti-ascetic; he was great as an interpreter of Indian culture to the West; he was great, in his own way, as a humanitarian.

His greatness as a poet—and it is on this score that he has the right to be judged principally—is more seriously open to question. That his works breathe a lyric beauty is indubitable. That they suffer, and decisively, from the sickness of the colonial aristocratic culture of which their creator was a part—if a restive one—is, I fear, equally indubitable. Probably it is valid to say that it is in an aching *yearning toward* what is truly human, modern, democratic, vital—and thus beautiful—that they approach greatness. It is the poet's apparent unconsciousness of what prevents him from reaching his own esthetic fruition which is the tragedy of Tagore's unusually gifted writing.

Let us say plainly what is meant. Traditionally the recorded culture of India, as of all pre-democratic lands, was aristocratic. The Brahmins were the keepers of it, and the culture of the Brahmins did not come from sweat, toil, fighting, growth. It came from leisure and contemplation growing out of patronage from the rich and powerful.

Nor is this all. It came from other-worldliness. Why it was that the Indian intelligentsia became even more deeply enamored of the invisible, the unconditioned, the unattainable, than their ancient and medieval contemporaries, exceeds this author's knowledge. But they did. The traditional man of knowledge in India was not only remote from the masses of people, but from the world of reality altogether. His basic presupposition was that ordinary life is a meaningless wheel of senseless striving; that the fruition of intellectual experience is realization of its inanity.



Giacomo Patri

Now Tagore, son of a most illustrious Bramin family, had his roots deep in all this. True, his father was a leading founder of the Brahmo-Samaj, a reformation against caste and other deep abuses. But this movement never had a popular base. It was, and continues to be, aristocratic.

To his lasting honor Tagore strove, with his powerful capacities, to overcome this limitation. He sensed, though he could not clearly come to terms with, the whole broad sweep of modern Indian life. In this connection let us look at a verse anticipating the day of his death *(Gitanjali):*

When I go from hence let this be my parting word, that what I have seen is unsurpassable.
I have tasted of the hidden honey of this lotus that expands on the ocean of light, and thus I am blessed—let this be my parting word.
In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here I have caught sight of what is formless.
My whole body and my limbs have thrilled with his touch who is beyond touch; and if the end comes here, let it come—let this be my parting word.

Not a mile from Santiniketan toiled peasants for whom life was and is anything but "unsurpassable"; who tasted no "honey," hidden or otherwise; for whom the only "ocean of light" was the pitiless sun scorching them in the rice fields; for whom the world was no "playhouse" but a bitter workhouse; whose "body and limbs" thrilled with nothing better than malaria; to whom "the end" came in undernourishment, premature old age, exhaustion.

For these, Tagore set up his rural reconstruction unit. That his "parting word" had to be about himself, and not about their life-meaning and their struggles for something better, was what made him "a stranger in a strange land." Such is nearly always the fate of the sensitive aristocracy.

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But this is only part of the story. Tagore did struggle with his limitations and he did, and will, contribute to the emancipation of his people.

He did more than anyone alive to kill the "blue Briton," a pitiable species which flourished around the turn of the century and is, unfortunately, by no means extinct. The "blue Briton" was the occidentally educated Indian who believed that the road to culture inevitably led through Oxford or Cambridge and that its hallmark was contempt for everything Indian. Naturally a colonial government encouraged this breed, often in solid cash terms. They became not only the enlightened, but the governing officials—in minor posts, of course. They became the bridges over which the imperialists sauntered, exchanging "culture" and the market-hungry commodities of Birmingham for jute, cotton, rice, handicraft.

Tagore dealt them deadly blows. He knew the West too well to believe that India had anything to gain from imitating its worst crudities and injustices. Furthermore he knew that centuries of foreign domination had submerged an Indian culture which, for its time, was rich and highly developed. He unearthed this classical culture, and he heightened the appreciation for contemporary folk art—in poetry, in painting, in sculpture, in the dance, in the drama. By so doing, he gave the Indian people a pride of tradition which played, and will play, an important part in their struggle for freedom.

But where there is no freedom, strange things happen to the intellectual who is essentially remote from the life of the people. After killing the "blue Briton," Tagore too often expressed in his writings this counsel to his people: You are held in thralldom by a foreign power, which is infinitely stronger than you in a military and political way. Now you know that you are infinitely its superior culturally and spiritually; content yourself with this knowledge, and have assurance that it will eventually bring you freedom.

Thus the intellectual disciples of Tagore in India, though no "blue Britons," have all too often been so preoccupied with asserting the honorableness of their cultural past that they had neither time nor energy for struggling for its future of freedom—the only matrix in which its rich gifts can flower again in a new time.

This had, and has, important practical effects upon the struggle for India's freedom and her participation in the world struggle for the defeat of fascism. There can be little doubt that, during the first two decades of the present century, two men most decisively affected the outlook of the Indian people: Gandhi and Tagore. This is not the occasion for dwelling upon the profound inadequacies of Gandhi's nationalist leadership. Leaving them aside (as, in the writer's opinion, the Indian people must leave both them and him aside before they emancipate themselves), he did come to prominence and win leadership on the basis of strong emphasis upon one of the two dominant social aspirations of the Indian people: freedom from foreign rule. Upon the other—freedom from the galling yoke of an atavistic domestic system—he also provided articulate, if equally inadequate, leadership.

Had Tagore related his cultural expression to these powerful drives, India might today be considerably advanced in its own freedom and its potential contribution to an embattled democratic world. But, except for a repentant period in his declining years, he did not.

Because of the time in which he lived, Tagore was the wrong kind of internationalist. Moses would be unknown today if he had counseled the Jews to convert Pharaoh by their spiritual heritage and, meanwhile, go on making bricks without straw—and without payment. Tagore only confused the Indian people, only curbed their nascent nationalist militancy, by talking of "cross-fertilization of cultures." There is another name, and a shorter one, for fertilization when it is imposed against the will of one party.

It is probably outside India that Tagore has made his greatest contribution to the Indian people. He was certainly a real internationalist in the simple physical sense, for he circled and recircled the globe in his lecture tours. His verse, and his very presence, were powerful antidotes to the foreign office propaganda about Britain's high moral obligation to bring enlightenment to a disunited, savage people. He made it abundantly plain that India was highly enlightened and unusually united (according to the standards of the age) centuries before England was anything but a barbaric island off the coast of a savage continent.

How genuine friends of India might wish that Tagore could follow to the lecture platform every glass-eyed Indian "holy man" who so bewitches American audiences, particularly those of middle-aged, genteel ladies! They all need to hear one of India's outstanding literary figures saying, in *The Gardener,*

No, my friends, I shall never be an ascetic, whatever you may say.

I shall never be an ascetic if she doesn't take the vow with me.

It is my firm resolve that if I cannot find a shady shelter, and company for my penance, I shall never turn ascetic.

The anti-ascetic urbanity of Tagore was a tonic not only to the West, but to his own people. The entire Brahminic tradition shook when he sang in *Gitanjali,*

Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads! Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut? Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee!

He is there where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the pathmaker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and in shower, and his garment is covered with dust. Put off thy holy mantle and even like him come down on the dusty soil!

Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our master himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation; he is bound with us all forever.

Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense! What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet him and stand by him in toil and sweat of thy brow.

Does this not denote Tagore's complete emancipation from asceticism, his complete passing over into the warm currents of the human and the real? It anticipates, does not realize it. Note "the bonds of creation." Reality, apparently, continues to reside in non-being. Creation itself is a shackle.

No, Tagore never found his way into the mainstream of Indian life. He grew toward an appreciation of it. But the worker in the paddy fields, the jute fields, the iron foundry —the Indian people—lived under "bonds" of a simpler, a more tangible, nature. The center of gravity of their lives was, and remains, the bitter struggle for existence. Tagore's was the refinement of his own ego as the entire burden of his work makes abundantly plain. True, he wanted to enrich, to ennoble, even to extend socially, this ego. But let us quote again:

In this playhouse of infinite forms I have had my play and here I have caught sight of him that is formless.

Had he been less preoccupied with his cosmic play, he might have perceived with greater artistic insight the play of social forces about him; had he not strained his poetic retina for a glimpse of the "formless," he might have caught a truer image of the forms and faces of his 300,000,000 contemporaries. Had he done so, his tremendous powers would have come to mighty cultural fruition.

Could it have been a transitory insight into the gulf fixed between him and the masses of the people which caused him to write the unquiet line

Let me not put myself wrongly to my world and set it against me.

The world of culture and progress will not be "set against" Tagore, though it will wish he had thought more about it and less about himself. Because it *is* cultured and progressive, it will appreciate the intellectual and esthetic pilgrimage he made in its direction. It will sense a kindred spirit, a fellow-traveler, if you will, in the aristocrat who could write *(Fruit-Gathering):*

My bonds are cut, my debts are paid, my door has been opened, I go everywhere.

They crouch in their corner and weave their web of pale hours, they count their coins sitting in the dust and call me back.

But my sword is forged, my armor is put on, my horse is eager to run.

I shall win my kingdom.

He did not win "his" kingdom because "his" kingdom cannot be won. The Indian people, however, will win their kingdom, and in it they will have a place of appreciation for the Tagore who could never quite reach them.

ROBERT DIGNAN.

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RAPPING COUDERT

The invisible effects of the witch hunts in the schools. An eloquent warning by the victims of the legislative smearkrieg. The threat to education.

WINTER SOLDIERS: The Story of a Conspiracy Against the Schools. *Issued by the Committee for the Defense of Public Education, 114 E. 16 St., New York City. $1.*

FEW of us, I suspect, understand the real danger of the Rapp-Coudert committee and similar agencies directed against the schools. True, we resent the arbitrary dismissal of teachers whose competence has been clearly established. We resent the effort of selfish interests to smear free colleges. We deplore the hysteria of the press, the use of illegal tactics by public authorities, the cowardice of some school administrators. But these are only the more dramatic, the more visible manifestations of the essential threat to education. What we often fail to understand is the invisible effect of the witch hunt.

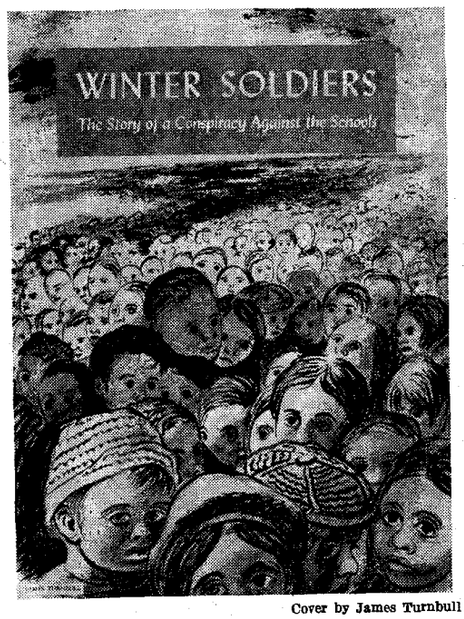
Invisible, that is, outside the classroom. For the ultimate test of an educational system is the plain room bounded by blackboards, and the spirit that prevails within it. In the long run, it is only the teacher and the student who can feel the full effect of the controversy which rages in the public forum. And that effect is extremely subtle. It cannot be compressed into a headline. Freedom in the classroom is an intangible and elusive quality whose primary characteristic is the uninhibited expression of what both teacher and student believe to be the objective truth. When the expression of such belief is inhibited, there is no freedom. When inquiry is sacrificed to expediency, there is no freedom. When facts are suppressed because they contravene a vested opinion, there is no freedom.

The most insidious effect of Rapp-Coudert-ism is its restraining influence upon truth in the classroom. Let every honest teacher search his heart. Has he not become a little self-conscious during the past year in that course in American history, or in French literature, or in sociology? Suppose there is a spy taking a transcript of his lecture on Shelley or William Morris—how will the words sound, ripped out of context, read leeringly by the ambitious young attorney for the legislative committee? Or that colleague at the faculty luncheon with whom one has just discussed, with enthusiasm and indiscretion, Professor Simmons' article on Tolstoy scholarship in the Soviet Union—will the luncheon companion be a celebrated "witness" to one's subversive impulses? Will the student discussion group, organized by eager young people in one's sociology seminar, be interpreted as a conspiratorial ring taking extra-curricular lessons in barricade construction?

ON CHARGES far more fantastic, scores of New York teachers, hundreds of teachers throughout America, have been driven from the profession to which they devoted the best years and energies of their lives. They have fought back courageously. They are the winter soldiers who did not shrink from the service of education in its most critical hour. Do you suppose, can any one suppose, that they fight for themselves alone? A shallow expediency, a narrow self-interest would have dictated retreat and surrender. To many of these teachers the fight has meant not only the loss of a job, not only separation from half-completed experiments in laboratories and half-written doctoral dissertations, but the slanders of a befouling press. Not for themselves alone, not by a long pull. As a teacher I know that they are fighting for my right and for the right of thousands of teachers to meet their students with a free mind, a mind unencumbered by fears and inhibitions and threats.

I know that there are many teachers who still bask in delusive security. Oh yes, I have heard them say, but these fellows were different. They stuck their necks out. They went too far. Too far! The familiar refrain of the self-comforters in German institutes (let them read Eva Lips' *Savage Symphony),* of the soothsayers at the University of Paris (let them read the proclamation of General Stolpnagle), of the middle-road professors in Spain (let them read Franco's educational purge declaration in the Madrid press).

LET THEM, above all, read the eloquent warning of *Winter Soldiers,* the book in which the Committee for the Defense of Public Education has presented the facts and significance of the Rapp-Coudert smearkrieg against education. Here is the crucial story of the fight for free education told in the lucid and dramatic text by Louis Lerman, a suspended teacher, and illuminated in the full-page drawings of more than twenty-five leading American artists. It is, in some respects, a grim story, as any story involving Merwin K. Hart, Frederic R. Coudert, and Milo McDonald is bound to be. That story deals with "fascism goosestepping through the quiet halls of your children's schools. . . ." But it is also an inspiring story in which teachers' union leaders like Charles J. Hendley, Bella Dodd, Morris Schappes, and other names cherished by free teachers play their part. It is the story of the students, of the 4,000 at New York's City College who struck for the reinstatement of academic freedom and their suspended teachers, of the thousands throughout the country who protested the inquisitorial outrage. It is



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the story of the winter soldiers who, with dignity, pride, and courage, challenged the evils of Rapp-Coudert. It is the story of the Teachers Union and the College Teachers Union of New York, which have led the struggle against budget cutting and repression in New York's schools.

An exciting feature of *Winter Soldiers* is the participation of so many distinguished artists who offered their services to the teachers fighting democracy on a common front. This participation symbolizes the unity of all the cultural crafts in the fight against fascist repression. And one is immediately struck not merely by the superb quality of the drawings, but by the fact that each one adds a distinct note to the common theme. It is good to find Art Young, veteran of the wars, represented by two drawings in his incisive manner. Rockwell Kent's heroic portrait of Democracy suckling the white and Negro babes, and Sylvia Wald's drawing "For Whites Only," dramatize the protest against the shame of Jim Crowism in education emphasized by the dismissal of Max Yergan from City College. Refregier, Gellert, Steig, Gropper, Lozowick, Elizabeth Olds, Joe Jones, and the other artists contribute striking drawings in a variety of styles.

THIS is not an ordinary book. Aside from its importance as an American document which students of our history will cherish, it is a major artistic contribution to our own time. The leaves are arranged in such a way that individual pictures may be slipped out, and one looks forward to seeing them on many walls. The book is dedicated to the people. For, as Bella Dodd notes in a preface, theirs is the final verdict in the fight for democratic education. And theirs, too, is the judgment of this book's success. I hope that every NEW MASSES reader will buy *Winter Soldiers*. It is the least we can do for those brave men and women who, at whatever personal sacrifice, carry on the good fight for ourselves and our children. SAMUEL SILLEN.

Objective Survey

ORGANIZED ANTI-SEMITISM IN AMERICA: The Rise of Group Prejudice During the Decade of 1930-40, *by Donald S. Strong. Introduction by Prof. Clyde R. Miller. American Council on Public Affairs, Washington, D. C. $3.*

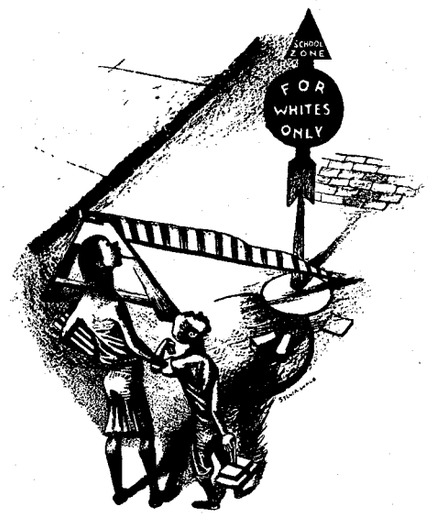
FROM its earliest days the United States has not been exempt from anti-Semitism. It has expressed itself here, as in other countries, in diverse ways and varying degrees of intensity. But it was not until the first world war that anti-Semitism in America began to assume a malignant, organized form. And in the early thirties it derived especial impetus from Hitler's rise to power and the general crisis of capitalism. For racial discrimination, the product of a society beset by the ills of capitalism, always becomes more rampant in times of economic depression and crisis. Dr. Strong observes that anti-Semitism is invariably part of an anti-union, reactionary attitude and that its protagonists label "Bolshevik" and "revolutionary" all views from the political center to the left. After discussing briefly the nature of this race hatred, its recent manifestations throughout the world, and its appearance in America, the author presents an objective, factual survey of some typical anti-Semitic organizations in this country: their origin, leadership, propaganda media, type and extent of membership, and sources of income. From this survey the following facts emerge:

First, most of the anti-Semitic organizations studied arose around 1933, at the depth of the depression here, and the Nazi triumph in Germany. Second, the members and audience of these groups are "by and large urban middle class people who have had at least an average education." (I suspect that Strong has underestimated Coughlin's inroads into the lumpen-proletariat.) Third, anti-Semitic propaganda is adapted to the peculiar cultural lags of each section of the population to which it is purveyed. Thus, members of the German-American Bund get their anti-Semitism in the straight Nazi version. Pelley's Silver Shirters appeal to Protestants, mainly on the West Coast, with "spiritual" mumbo-jumbo. Gerald Winrod's "Defenders of the Christian Faith" operate among smalltown and rural Fundamentalists of the Middle West with Biblical prophecy. Harry A. Jung's American Vigilant Intelligence Federation aims at the businessmen terrified by the specter of Bolshevism which Jung conjures up. And Coughlin's National Union for Social Justice and Christian Front work their deception by crying against the "godless Jewish Bolshevists."

But the anti-Semitic foundation of all these propaganda techniques is identical. Their merger into a unified movement has not been achieved, Dr. Strong points out, only because the leaders of the numerous anti-Semitic outfits are unwilling to relinquish their jobs. There are indications, however, that a united front is now being formed under fuehrer Lindbergh's "America First" banner—a process accelerated since the Nazi attack upon the USSR.

The information in this book is very useful in combating anti-Semitism. But the study has certain shortcomings. It fails to deal adequately with important anti-Semitic manifestations such as the Jew-baiting in election campaigns of recent years, or the extensive Hitler-like ranting about "Jewish war guilt." The book also suffers from academicism. Thus, one of the most outstanding anti-Semites in America, Henry Ford, is not treated at all because he has no "public organization." And the author is certainly either charitable or over-optimistic in feeling that since the Silver Shirts alone have "openly worked" toward fascism, while the other organizations only occasionally give it their explicit blessing, the "ultimate goal of the anti-Semitic movement does not appear to be fascism—as yet." However, these faults are not grave enough to prevent his book from being a valuable contribution to the movement against anti-Semitism and appeasement. LIONEL FERRIS.

William Dove



Sylvia Wald

Art Young

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China's Struggle

THE CHINA OF CHIANG KAI-SHEK. A Political Study, *by Paul M. A. Linebarger. World Peace Foundation. Cloth $2.50. Paper $1.*

THIS is an informative but sadly reactionary account of political developments in China since the mobilization of Chinese national resistance to Japan in 1937. On the basis of study and personal experience, the author has given a useful picture of the effects of armed struggle on Chinese political institutions and practices. He has described in detail the organs of government, the constitutional movement, the political parties, and the personalities and policies of Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek. His most important single conclusion is sound—that in the course of the war, China has been laying the basis for a more democratic reconstruction of the country. And there is no mistaking the fact that Dr. Linebarger heartily desires to see China successful in the war against Japan. Nevertheless, his understanding of the situation is quite at variance with the conditions necessary for either democracy or victory in China.

In brief, the author does not understand the need of internal unity in China or international unity against fascism. He apparently believes that sharp attacks on the Chinese progressive forces, as well as a constant minimization of their role in the war, will not interfere with democracy. Either the author is confused as to how democracy can be achieved in China, or he is using the word to describe incorrectly some other type of political system. Likewise, the fact that this book was written before the German invasion of the Soviet Union cannot excuse speculation concerning a possible Soviet-Japanese partition of China. Nor could China at any time benefit from the view that American and Soviet interests in China were opposed and that aid from this country should be extended in order to weaken Chinese-Soviet relations.

It is possible that since Dr. Linebarger finished his book he has come to understand more clearly the need for international support of China and of a progressive domestic unity within China. Certainly the friends of China cannot allow themselves to be divided by other counsels. It is unfortunate that such a competent student as the author should depart from the general tendency of informed American comment on China to advance ideas which would have the effect of undermining his own avowed objectives. In China, as elsewhere, only unity on a progressive basis can guarantee victory.

JOHN VINTON.

Brief Reviews

THEY WENT ON TOGETHER, *by Robert Nathan. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.*

Have you ever imagined what it would be like if Hitler invaded the United States, sending the civilian population in flight across the country, starving, broken, leaving their dead in ditches? And have you ever imagined in

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the midst of this desolate scene a small family (perhaps like your own)? Mr. Nathan has, and with considerable effect.

The story is opened with a good deal of artistry. Young Paul is deciding which of his treasures he shall leave behind him, choosing between a few stuffed birds, a stamp album, an old medal belonging to his father, a watch minus its minute hand, and all the other objects of love which a young boy collects. Thanks to the Axis powers, one more child is about to become a refugee. We watch the mother and little girl, Marie Rose, make their equally difficult choices. Then the little trio joins the flood of people along the road, their pace set for them by the thump of not too distant guns.

The book itself is slight; the characters do not go through a great deal of development, the action is limited in scope. Yet the character of the boy Paul, really the protagonist of the tale, comes out with clarity and fineness of line. A slender romance is handled with delicacy. And "Mom," at least, gains some insight from her experience, as she thinks:

"Maybe there were two processions.... And the important thing was not whether you were alive, or dead—but which procession were you in? The one going toward the light, or the one winding out into the mist and the darkness?"

HAMLET, VOL. II, *by Henry Miller and Michael Fraenkel. Carrefour. $3.*

Readers are forewarned not to be misled by the title of this book. It has nothing to do with Shakespeare's play, but is intended to inform you that the writers are undergoing "a crisis of consciousness" and feel like dark, split characters.

We also have it on the critical authority of the *Saturday Review of Literature* that Henry Miller is "surely the largest force on the horizon of American letters," and on the word of the *Nation* that Michael Fraenkel "skillfully exhibits the fallacy in all current revolutionary action, proletarian or bourgeois."

The book is a collection of letters written by these two geniuses to one another. Believing that talent should speak for itself, we first quote Mr. Fraenkel:

"Perhaps man's original fall was when he learned to think, to talk, and thus polluted sex and life itself? Is this perhaps the blood taint that has been passed on from generation to generation, from father to son? Is thought a disease? Is life a struggle for health, to overcome thought?"

And here is Mr. Miller contemplating the quartering of German troops in his house:

"Do you think I would not get along with them, much as I despise and detest them? Certainly I could! I could even get along with a Kaffir or a Hottentot. I even wager I would be quickly appreciated, esteemed by the enemy. If they asked me to shine their boots and wash their dirty dishes, to scrub the floor and run the errands, do you suppose I would take it badly? Not on your life! . . . And if they asked me to salute in their fash-

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ion, to swear by their oaths, even if they asked me to goosestep, I would do it by Jesus! I would do it gracefully. . . ."

Why these two sages ever left Nazi-controlled Paris must remain a mystery. With their mentality and character, they should have gotten along excellently with its present rulers.

IN THE MILL, *by John Masefield. Macmillan. $2.*

In a mellow reminiscent mood, England's poet laureate describes his youth in a carpet mill at Yonkers, N. Y., in the late 1890's. In those adolescent years he became infatuated with the Hudson River and the Palisades. He purchased cheap, yellow backed editions of the classics, explored the realms of literature and the countryside, and served his apprenticeship as an author as well as a millhand. But he quit the mill because writing poetry in a garret seemed a happier fate than promotion to floor manager. Masefield believed that the only movement worth anything in literature was in London, and he had to "get into poetry somehow before the mill got me." Yet he discovered America's best qualities through his association with fellow workmen whose lively, creative, democratic spirits he admired. However, Masefield's observation of society as a whole is far less understanding. He maintains that poverty and wretchedness are caused by the type of hard-headed businessman who rouses bitterness, poisons the worker's mind, and is responsible for the exploitation of labor. And "that type of man," the poet says naively, "has probably ceased everywhere." We may only assume that Mr. Masefield's comment, "I lived outside the mill or deep within myself," is only too true.

MAN STANDS ALONE, *by Julian Huxley. Harper & Bros. $2.75.*

Mr. Huxley is a proponent of a ruling caste. He does not hesitate to declare that genetic differences between social classes may exist—an assertion for which he offers no proof whatever. He is the kind of man who can say without qualm or blush that mortality in India could be reduced by half, but what would you do with the resulting population? He thinks it "wholly probable" that Negroes are slightly less intelligent than white or yellow men and that the Russians lack "born leaders." The humanism for which the author argues is, in itself, highly desirable, but he thinks one can attain it by sighing gently for some sort of world organization *a la* H. G. Wells' Samurai. Three or four strictly factual essays do not justify a book. In all the rest Huxley comes perilously near to *conscious* perversion of scientific knowledge (especially genetics) in order to buttress his predilection for a ruling class.

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The theater season opens with a damp firecracker . . . . "No Greater Sin" is honest and a little dull . . . . "Dive Bomber" is just dull . . . . The blues piano.

FOR some inscrutable reason the drama season almost invariably opens with a dud. The first new play of the season, Carl Allensworth's *Village Green,* is a mild exception—it goes off with a pop, like a damp firecracker.

To witness the proceedings on the stage of the Henry Miller, you would believe that the good people of New Hampshire live in a world apart from the present. There is Judge Homer Peabody (Frank Craven) who has been trying for almost a score of years to get himself elected to Congress from that rock-ribbed Republican state. The only trouble is, he is a Democrat out of "principle." It should be no surprise that he gets himself elected before the final curtain, and as a sop to the existence of an outside world, he gets himself elected on the issue of freedom of expression. For it seems that the jilted artist fiance of his daughter has painted a nude lady in the town hall—and worse yet, the offending nude's body bears the face of the judge's daughter. This last was an accident, but before it is known the judge has risen to another of his principles, and has defended the mural against all comers—not the mural so much as the artist's right to paint it on the walls of the town hall.

This is a burning issue, and it burns brightly enough to provide what little illumination *Village Green* possesses. By its light, the good Yankee judge defeats the local gossips and hypocrites, a local clergyman, a local banker and political boss, and achieves his daughter's reconciliation with her artist fiance. There are a few good laughs, and long stretches of New England winter.

Frank Craven continues his well established folksy character study—the pipe-sucking, quiet spoken homebody. (Someone ought to give him a poke once in awhile, for it's very hard to hear him—he's *so* quiet spoken.) There is a nice job of characterization by Joseph Allen as an alcoholic ne'er-do-well. An example of unconsciously apt type casting is the role given Maida Reade. Miss Reade was the organizing genius of those Actors Equity reactionaries who resigned from the Equity council in protest over the union's progressive victories. Here she plays (badly) a reactionary female busybody. Sic semper.

ALVAH BESSIE.

★

WE'VE come a long way—and about time it is—when the words "syphilis" and "prostitute" can be mentioned on our screen in a context which makes it plain that the latter is the source of spreading the former. In *Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet* we had a thrilling cinematic account of the discovery of "606," the mercurial compound that could kill the spirochete. In *No Greater Sin* we have a murder melodrama around the theme of venereal disease in one of our defense-boom towns.

It is a generally honest though very uninspired picture. The plot revolves about the efforts of a crusading public health officer to close down the dives and cribs that have sprung up in the vicinity of the defense town and the army cantonments. The commissioner runs into the usual stone wall in the form of the local administration; and at this point the picture's honesty begins hitting on only one or two cylinders. For after a mild intimation that prudery and political corruption sanction the hotbeds of venereal disease, the prudery rapidly disappears and the political corruption is cured even more rapidly than the syphilis. All that was necessary, it seems, was for a young man, who had been led to believe he was cured of syphilis, to kill the quack doctor who permitted him to marry and thereby infect his young wife and her unborn child. His misery stirs the local clubwomen to drop their prudishness, and the local city council to reform itself.

This is somewhat on the naive side, as we are well aware. But it is no more naive than the writing, the direction, and the motivation of the film itself, which is more in the nature of a high school "problem" play than a real life drama. It's all too cut and dried, and the melodrama of the murderous youth carries your attention away from the more murderous spirochete.

Clinton

Aside from these obvious defects, there is something to be said for the picture on the purely didactic side. It says, courageously, that syphilis is a physical—not a moral—plague that can be eliminated. It says that the way to eliminate it is to eliminate prostitution. And then the film stops; for it offers no solution except to export the prostitutes and their protectors from the immediate vicinity. It implies that many local administrations in our country not only condone the trade, but draw profit from it; but while the film says this "in a monstrous little voice," it is distinctly worth our while to hear it said from a public screen. The pity is that the movie could not have been more courageous, more compellingly contrived.

YOU CAN GET pretty mad at Hollywood sometimes, and generally your anger will mount in proportion to the discrepancy between what the industry *can* do with the means at its disposal, and what it so often fails to do.

Take *Dive Bomber,* for example, or any film that Hollywood has made about aviation. This is the age of wings. The people are infinitely hungry for information about this particular extension of man's personality. They want to know what is going on and they want to know how it all works. The movies give them information—meager, distorted, oversimplified or overdramatized, dull or romanticized—between liberal slices of cheesecake. Apparently they believe that it is impossible for people to understand the theories of aerodynamics unless these theories are seasoned with Veronica Lake's mammalian charms.

In *Dive Bomber* there is a new siren, Miss Alexis Smith. She is undoubtedly a charming young lady, but she has utterly nothing whatsoever to do with the two problems of aviation medicine that are under consideration: "blackout" (temporary unconsciousness) and high-altitude sickness. It is not her fault that she has been injected into the film only that Errol Flynn may unconditionally reject her in favor of high-altitude sickness, but her obvious charms should be reserved for some other form of entertainment.

To get back to the film. The scene is the San Diego Naval Air Base, and when director Michael Curtiz' camera is following the evolutions of the navy's planes (in magnificent technicolor) the film is exciting. You learn that in preparing to defend our country

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against fascism, it is necessary to have the best flying equipment designed. It is necessary to have pursuit planes that can attack the enemy bombers which fly consistently higher and higher. Well, our pursuits can reach any desirable altitude, but the pilots—even equipped with oxygen—cannot function very long at such heights; there is the problem of inadequate pressure on the human body. What to do? There is also the problem of "blackout" when the dive bombing pilot reaches the bottom of his dive and pulls out of it. Centrifugal force here gets in its dirty work.

Errol Flynn, who has rarely been more handsome or more objectionably cocky, is the young flight surgeon who works on these problems. He devises two gadgets (which, incidentally, were devised some time ago and are neither of them too practicable) to counteract these conditions. The search for the devices provides the real drama of the film—not Miss Alexis Smith's search for Mr. Flynn. But there is not enough of the authentic drama and what there is, is attenuated by the film makers' insulting assumption that the public cannot understand these technicalities.

With the color equipment, the technical knowledge at Hollywood's disposal (courtesy of the US Navy Air Service), we could have had a powerful and brilliantly documented film about flying that would contribute to our understanding of the problems of air power. Instead we have a washout—and Miss Alexis Smith.

A. B.

Blues Piano

A discussion of "boogie woogie" music and some of its artists' recordings.

THE name "boogie woogie" really should be discarded for the correct term, "blues piano." The inaccurate title arose as one of the fanciful names the Negro people gave to their dances. A record called "Pine-top's Boogie Woogie," in which the pianist plays typical rapid figures while he calls out the turns of a dance, gave its title to the whole subsequent piano blues literature. Out of its context, the name is meaningless.

The most striking feature of this type of piano music is its powerhouse bass. It is this which brings the "oh's" and "ah's" from audiences, and which has inspired stupid commercialisms of the "Beat Me Daddy" kind. But it is its right hand, the deep, singing blues, which provides the richness of emotion, its real quality as music.

The art grew up in places like lumber camps and cheap saloons, where the entertainment was by wandering singers of blues ballads and the only instruments available for accompaniment were a piano and banjo or guitar. The pianist had to make up for the lack of many instruments by adding sonorities of his own. Thus a piano style grew up completely different from the usual jazz band or "ragtime" piano, in which the left hand hits

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GOINGS ON

MARXIST ANALYSIS OF THE WEEK'S NEWS by Milton Howard, member Daily Worker editorial board, Sun., Sept. 14, 8:30 P. M. Workers School, 50 E. 13 Street. Admission 25 cents.

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only some few and simple chords. In the blues piano the player really made the instrument sound, by repeated phrases and an insistent beat with the left hand that provided a rich background for the singer, while the right hand added little guitar-like, ornamental "answers" to each verse. And out of this music a self-sufficient, virtuoso piano art arose, in which the pianist played the bass figures, the blues phrases, and the ornamental figures all at the same time; a kind of "three-voice" counterpoint, if you want to call it that, but under any name a grand, sonorous, boldly dissonant, deeply emotional music.

Other influences in developing this art were the square dance, the "rent party"—in which one pianist often had to provide music for a crowded roomful of people—and the "railroad blues." There is an extensive literature of railroad folk ballads, both white and Negro. To the Negro people especially, the railroad became a symbol for travel, for escape, or for the kind of job which provides the thrill of power over a machine. And the accompaniment to these railroad blues inspired the pianist to create a host of effects suggesting the click of wheels, the stops and starts, the whistles (high trills), the swiftness of motion.

If you want really to know this music, I suggest that you start, not with the more highly touted recordings, but with some vocal records; Jimmy Yancey's "Death Letter Blues" and "Crying in My Sleep" (Bluebird) in which he sings to his own piano; "Roll 'Em, Pete" by Joe Turner and Pete Johnson (Vocalion or Columbia); and, if you can find it, Bessie Smith's "Backwater Blues," with James P. Johnson on piano (Columbia). Listen to the simple, touching, and varied piano accompaniment in "Death Letter," the stirring and powerful piano climax in "Crying in My Sleep." Notice how beautifully Joe Turner's vocal phrases fit into Pete Johnson's rapid and brilliant piano setting in "Roll 'Em, Pete." If you want to add a railroad ballad, a good example is "Riding on that Train Forty-Five," in the "Smoky Mountain" Album (Victor).

When you know these records, then go to the pure piano masterpieces, and see how much blues content is actually hidden in the music, how the seeming monotony disappears, how varied in feeling and richly expressive this music is. Fine, inexpensive, and easily available records are "Yancey Stomp" by Jimmy Yancey (Victor), one of the most massively built and grandest of fast blues solos; "Honky Tonk Train Blues," by Meade Lux Lewis, a masterly "railroad" piece, and the most brilliant of all jazz piano solos (Bluebird and Decca, the latter slightly better); "Yancey Special" (Decca), in which Meade Lewis borrows Yancey's slow bass from "Death Letter Blues"; "Kaycee on My Mind," by Pete Johnson (Decca), a good example of the sweeter "Kansas City" lyricism. Each of these artists has a different personality, and each has something to say. And avoid boogie woogie orchestrations as you would a Hearst paper.

MARTIN MACK.

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